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## IMMORTALITY OF ART.

*An Oration delivered by Mr. J. R. O'Connor, '92, at a Public Entertainment, in the Academic Hall, on May 23rd, 1891.*



Glancing over the complex phenomena of modern life, the feature which especially impresses itself on our observation, and marks our age as peculiar from its predecessors, is that rapid, restless advancement along the whole line of human thought and endeavor called modern progress. Not that progress belongs especially to our own time; it is a characteristic of every age. From its cradle to its present maturity, the human race has ever moved on, sometimes more slowly, sometimes faster, sometimes temporarily arresting, nay, even retracing its steps, but on the whole the movement has been on ward and upward towards a higher plane of existence.

What, then, is the chief factor of this advancement? Has our race arisen to its present eminence through an evolution from a lower to a higher degree of perfection of the essential elements of its being? It certainly has not. Man appears as great and as noble on the early pages of his history as in our own day. A Moses, an Alexander, a Caesar, or a Homer, a Plato, a Cicero, find no counterparts among the leaders and teachers of men in our own time. Not, then, by an evolution of his species, but by an expansion of his mind has man become greater, and not the individual, but the human family, as a whole, has advanced. On its long march through the past, humanity has gathered in a vast

amount of experience, knowledge of nature and of self, and this knowledge has grown and accumulated at an ever increasing proportion, and advances with an ever increasing momentum, until at least it has become a very torrent on whose surface we are borne along.

The question now presents itself, whether this progress, so phenomenal on the material side, does not show signs of weakness on the ideal side of life? The answer must, unfortunately, be in the affirmative. In its advancement through knowledge, and in its feverish search after knowledge, after knowledge especially that speaks to the sense, our age has neglected that knowledge which speaks to the heart and to the conscience. Nature has been ransacked to her farthest limits, every day adds a new leaf to her opened volume, and man rests triumphant upon her newly discovered forces which he has chained to his chariot. Even the laws of his own being he has scanned, he has conquered pain, and has all but conquered death. But death remains an ever present monitor, pointing to that fathomless abyss, that lies beyond the grave. Still man is heedless of the warning. His belief is anchored in the material, the natural, and he denies, or at best ignores the supernatural, the ideal. He respects the adoration of an eternal God, but would fain bend his knee before the golden calf of eternal matter. He has erected his idol in the temple of Beauty, and Art shall henceforth be his worship, and the artist shall be his high priest, and his prophet.

But, ladies and gentlemen, the endeavor is vain and futile. Art is the embodiment of beauty by the hand of man, and the beautiful is the higher synthesis of the true and the good, and all three are inseparable and eternal, like the Triune God from whose mind they have sprung. Art, then, with her sisters, Truth and Virtue is descended from heaven, and they are forever and inseparably enthroned in the heart of man.

Let us cast a glance about us, ladies and gentlemen, and let us examine whether the above statement can be verified by the facts of the present and the past, so as to gain a basis for our prognostication of the future. Who, that can read the signs of the time, will deny that modern art has descended to a low level, lower, perhaps, than it has ever reached since its regeneration during the Christian era. Not that vice has not marred some of her fairest creations during our older Christian centuries, but that vice sprang rather from a weakness of the will, and found its own correction in that all-supporting, all-redeeming faith, which forms the bed-rock on which the civilization of those ages is founded. But in our own day this foundation has gradually crumbled away through a poisoning of the intellect by unbelief; Art now stands face to face with nature, and is attempting to grow its fairy flowers on that barren soil, unaided by any loftier inspiration from on High. And what is the result, ladies and gentlemen, what triumphs has she won? Let us look about us, and let us study the ideals which a century of goddess, religionless art has raised up to our admiration. In England what has the Atheism of Swinburn, the Deism of Shelley, the Cynicism of Byron produced that will live in the hearts of the coming generations? And on the Continent what has the sensualism of a Heine and DeMusset and the rationalism of a Hugo, or the pantheistic naturalism of a Goethe produced that will elevate the minds of the coming millions, above the sufferings and sorrows of this stormy voyage through life? And yet, in the artistic form, in all the purely aesthetic elements of art, they have never, perhaps, been excelled. Their melody and diction charm our senses; their exquisite fancies enrapture our imagination, and their pathetic portrayals of human sufferings and delights thrill our hearts. But,

ladies and gentlemen, in art there is something above the harmony of verse, and in the bold flight of fancy there is something nobler even than the graphic delineation of life's weary journey that draws tears from our hearts and fills our souls with gloom and despair. For modern art, having cut loose from all hope above, sinks under the burden of human misery here below, and as exhibited in most of its above named representatives, has fitly been called the art of despair. Not that all those writers utter forth their lamentations in the same manner; each one sheds or suppresses his tears in accordance with the ideosyncrasy of his individual nature.

Thus while Swinburn blasphemes, and Shelley thunders, and Byron throws mud at the face of European society, while De Musset gently wails and Hugo gnashes his teeth, while Heine's sardonic laugh rings through our ears, Goethe in philosophic self-complacency wraps the stoic mantle around his stately form, and swallows the bitter pill of life without a twitter of his noble countenance.

But it may be asked are all those names who constitute the literary glory of our age to be ranked among the so-called immoral writers. Judged from a Christian point of view the lives and writings of some of them are certainly to be reprehended, but looked at from their own standpoint their lives are but the natural outcome of their convictions, and could we but for a moment assume that revelation was a myth, and that man had to solve the mystery of his existence by his own unaided reason, then their doctrines, like the stoicism and epicureanism of old, would have to be accepted as the new gospel, and the leaders of that school would become the apostles of the new dispensation.

Let us now examine this peculiar phase of modern art in its relation to the most sacred interests of humanity, to the family, to woman, for in its fruits we shall best determine the quality of the tree. As art is the truest exponent of the civilization of its own age, so its treatment of woman is the touch-stone of any particular art. And it is in this respect that a goddess art has exhibited its weakest side. For when man's conscience is freed from the restraints of heaven, his hand falls heavily upon the weak, and woman is invariably his first victim. Chivalry is distinctively a Chris-

tian virtue, and what this unchristian art has still retained of it is but the echo of Christian traditions and Christian education. That the picture is not an exaggerated one, may be easily gleaned by a passing glance at the heroes and heroines who, in that art, appeal to our sympathy. What are the Don Juans, the Fausts, but grinning fiends, who with ribald cynicism rail at the moral squeamishness of a hypocritical age; or weep solemn tears at the inevitable ruin wrought by their selfish, heartless deeds, only to mock at their repentance in the next hour? And the heroines, the Fannies, the Marguerites, the Mignons, Haydee's—poor, fallen, abandoned victims of man's brutality. Of course, we are told that these so called realistic pictures of life, decked with all the allurements that the poetic fancy can devise, are not to allure us,—oh, no!—they are to chasten our passions, and to heighten our moral sensibility. And is *this* Art's true mission? If it is, then Shakespeare has misjudged its craft; and yet he is by common consent the most faithful interpreter of the human heart since Homer sang his immortal song of Troy. Shakespeare, likewise, has fixed life's fleeting images upon his canvas with a startling reality, but in those pictures the elements of life are adjusted on a different plan, all that is humane here finds its proper place, the low, the base, as well as the elevated, the pure. But the order which they hold in the nature of things is not inverted. Vice, also, is there, vice as dark and forbidding as the human heart is able to endure, but it is never arrayed in virtue's garb, and even when it stalks the stage in kingly robes it is branded with such infamy that the heart recoils from it in natural abhorrence.

And woman? There is not in the whole range of art, ancient or modern anything so absolutely perfect as Shakespeare's portraits of women. Not that in their characters they exhibit that insipid faultlessness which the tyro in Art bestows upon his puppet figures. Shakespeare's women are animated with the true instincts of nature, the warm blood of life pulsates through their veins, they exhibit all the foibles and weaknesses that so much endear them to their stronger brethren; but their white robe of purity, heaven's choicest gift, remains immaculate under the poet's hands. Not a sus-

picion is raised against it, and where slander is levelled at it, it comes from such vile things as an Iago and an Iachimo. That immortal love song, "Romeo and Juliet" is full of situations that would have furnished the modern romancer with ample opportunities for venting his grovelling instincts, but in Shakespeare's lovers, though their passion runs high, though it rends the very links of life asunder, not an evil breath is uttered, not a thought is conceived until their love shall be hallowed at the altar of the Most High. And so it is with his Portia, his Jessica, with his Ophelia and Rosalind, with his Imogen and Desdemona; and so through the whole list of his full-sized portraits of noble womanhood. And what has been said here of Shakespeare may be said with equal correctness of the greatest writers of all nations and times:—of Homer and Sophocles, of Dante and Tasso, of Corneille, Racine and Schiller, and of our own immortal Milton. To Shakespeare it applies even in a less degree than to the others, for Shakespeare's purity of art sprang less from any deep moral or religious sentiments than from an innate and true artistic instinct, by means of which he clearly perceived that only that art will be immortal, which presents to us in the fairest form that which is most noble and sacred in our being: and that the vile, the low, must never directly and for its own sake be made the subject of artistic treatment, but may, indirectly, be used, when it will serve as a foil for the noble and the great.

And how does modern art compare with this standard? Especially when we take into its compass those lower forms of prose fiction and drama that in our days infest the reading-room and the stage. As has already been pointed out, instead of presenting us with noble ideals of life, it panders to, and directly excites the passions,—passions which have their higher purposes correctly assigned to them in the classic art of the past, but which now are degraded to ignoble ends. It should here, however, be stated that in England where Fennyson in his trembling hand is "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," the literary art in its ablest representatives, is less deserving of these censures than that of continental Europe. The sturdy sons of Britain, and their American descendants love their hearth-

stones and their altars with a vigor and a pertinacity that brook no desecration, even when made on the plea of art. But it cannot be denied that the evil, also in England, has struck deep roots, and is growing apace, fostered by an evolutionary science, and an agnostic philosophy.

What, then, in the face of all these facts, is the future which we must predict for art? The question here, is not concerning the special form which the literary art may assume in the future, whether it will be in prose or verse, whether lyric, dramatic or epic, but our inquiry is concerning the spirit, the soul of art, its ideal representation of what is beautiful and sublime in nature and in man? Is the muse, heaven's fairest daughter, doomed to a speedy and inglorious death, or is she fated to drag her white robe of purity through an existence still more ignominious? No, ladies and gentlemen, a thousand times, no! Art, with her sister, Religion, is firmly implanted in the heart of man, and ever has been its guiding star, and its buoyant force.

Let us in mind glance through the dim ages of the past, what is it that, at the farthest prospect of time, meets our wondering gaze? A glorious temple looms up towards heaven, which, solitary and grand, is erected by the hand of man to the One True God. And in the sacred shrine of that temple there lies a Book, which, having issued from the mind of God Himself, and being penned by His chosen messengers, heralds to the world the mandates of the Divine will in language so sublime that it has been, not only the consolation, but also the poetic inspiration, of the noblest of our race. Now let us turn to the South to that mysterious river, whose waters lave the hoary pyramids. Here, likewise, a strong civilization has sprung up, embodied in a vigorous art; but what a contrast when we compare it to that spiritual art by the Jordan. The lofty elevation of the Jews has here suffered material degradation. The mind of the Egyptians, unable to soar above the skies, has expanded itself upon the earth. Their art especially shows this tendency. In the pyramids, those epics in stone, matter stands before us in its massive grandeur, but the divine as well as the human is symbolized in the beast, and the unsolved mystery of human

life is still guarded in the brazen brow of the sphinx.

If now we turn from the gloomy east and follow the path of civilization towards the West, to the sunny shores of Greece, what a glorious prospect meets our view! Forms of ethereal beauty rise before us, and the songs that strike upon the ear have borrowed the harmony of the spheres. What is it that has taught the Greek to fashion beauty in such wondrous shapes? Is it the stimulating influence of a beautiful nature that surrounds him? No, ladies and gentlemen, no! Soil and clime may tint our skin and steel our nerve, but they cannot elevate our hearts above their own sphere. The elevation of the Greeks emanated from a nobler source. Their philosophers and poets had cast behind them the gross, degrading superstitions of the East, and lifting their looks on high they caught a glimpse of that eternal truth so long lost sight of by the human race. To them, indeed, that truth appeared only in a dim adumbration such as human reason, unaided by a helping hand from above, is able to attain. But it was sufficient to call up in their hearts and in the imagination of their poets ideals of beauty such as the world had never beheld since it had discarded the guidance of that noble book in the Temple by the Jordan. Yet, though eminently great, neither their philosophy nor their art reached that perfection of which it is capable. Its structure lacked that solid foundation on which alone it can be reared to its perfect height, namely, a clear and unshakable knowledge of the divine and the human nature, and of the relation of the latter to the former. Consequently it remained suspended between heaven and earth: it lowered the divine element, but it elevated the human far above the conception of the other Pagan nations around them. It was the apotheosis of man. But if in the ideal element Grecian art lacked perfection, in the formal, the purely æsthetical element, its excellence transcends all that has been achieved in the history of the past.

If now we direct our glance farther towards the West, we behold enthroned upon Tiber's seven hills, Rome, the eternal mistress of the world. The majesty of empire characterizes not only her outward linements, but also her inner life, and

especially her art. The latter, though lacking the originality, exuberance, and sensuous grace, of the Hellenic art, yet excels it in one particular, its spirit of universality, which marks the whole Roman civilization. Rome's part in the human drama, assigned to it by the hand of heaven, was different but not less important than that of Greece. After Greek culture had purged the minds and hearts of men from the honors of eastern corruption, Rome was to gather the whole human family into one common fold, and thus prepare it for the fulfilment of the promise laid down in the sacred text of the Jews. The task was a gigantic one, but what is ordained in the eternal councils of heaven, becomes easy even to the weak arm of man. Thus, when the Roman conquest was accomplished, a hush of universal peace spread over the earth, and amid the silent expectation of the nations the word of God was ushered into the world. To the suffering millions, to the slave, to the child, to woman, it was the word of love, liberty, and brotherhood, and their hearts rebounded at its magic touch.

Still, it had to conquer its ground, against the allied powers of the whole pagan world. And hardly had the peaceful subjugation of that world by the gospel been accomplished, when another catastrophe threatened the newly established kingdom of heaven. The sons of the northern forest, allured by the easy spoils, swept down upon the effete south and the civilization of the Greek and the Roman were engulfed in one common ruin.

Thus barbarism sat triumphant upon the tomb of ancient art. Was the latter never to rise from its fall? Most assuredly, ladies and gentlemen, for in the ruins of ancient Rome were sowed the seeds of that new Christian civilization, which, phoenix-like, was to rise from its ashes. And from its bosom a new art was to spring fairer and nobler than all its predecessors, for it was adorned with those blossoms of celestial fragrance, Christian love, and Christian purity, which the ancient mind was not able to conceive. Long was its struggle for existence, for the fierce northern heart had first to be attuned to its sway by the benign influence of that new Christian faith with its new laws and new ideals. Moreover art is a flower so frail and tender that it withers

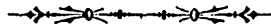
under the blast of turmoil and strife, and blossoms only under the gentle breath of peace and tranquility. But when at last the muse again assumed her lyre, her song was changed,—it had lost its old polished form, its classic finish, but had gained immeasurably in depth and elevation of feeling. One note especially rang out from the heart of the troubadour in accents strong and pure—love; not love the groveling passion of the bacchanalian feast, but love the heaven-born sentiment of the Christian knight, which, together with that nobler love of God, inspired man's greatest deeds. And now woman, clothed with the dignity, and hallowed by the radiance of Christian purity, rose again to that proud position by the side of man, which pagan antiquity had denied her, but which the hand of the Creator had assigned to her from the beginning of time. In the poet, love became the never-failing source of inspiration, and even to a Dante, chastened of all that is earthly, it became the guiding star on his lofty flight through heaven. Still art, despite its elevation, lacked the essential elements of classic form. And here the hand of the All-Wise becomes distinctly traceable in shaping the destiny of man. Ancient art when about to vanish in its own corruption, had been saved from utter annihilation by being entombed in its own ruins, while its traditions had been hoarded and fostered chiefly in the metropolis of the Eastern Empire. Now, at the bidding from On High, its hidden treasures were suddenly unlocked, and poured in a mighty stream over the Western World. It was almost a new revelation, a revelation of the beautiful, a faint reflection of that greater revelation of the True and the Good. And from the models of ancient Greece the Christian artist gleaned that perfect outline, and that magic touch so long lost, and Art was born anew under the sacred shelter of the Church. From Italy the impulse started northward, and Homer and Sophocles were soon out-rivalled, if not in the perfection of form, at least in the sublimity of the ideal, by a Tasso, a Corneille, a Racine, a Schiller, and by our own glorious Shakespeare and Milton.

¶ And now, ladies and gentlemen, what guaranty do we derive from this outlook into the past for our purpose of foreshadowing the future? We cannot close our eyes to the fact that art, in

our day, has descended from that lofty pedestal, on which Christianity, aided by the spirit of classic Greece, had placed her. Will it ever be so, and is she destined, henceforth, to seek her ideals in the dreary round of our material existence, debarred from those sources of sublime inspiration that lie beyond the sky? Had we to accept as final the prophecies of the apostles of modern unbelief and anti-christian science, the problem would admit of but one solution, namely, that with religion, true art must vanish from the abodes of men. But, ladies and gentlemen, the religion of Christ is not yet moribund. The Eternal Word first heralded to the world from the summit of Mount Sinai, and afterwards revindicated on Calvary, still holds the hearts of men in its magic spell. And its sacred guardian, the Church, although in the Old World her prestige has become somewhat dimmed, west of the Atlantic sees her banners float triumphant over three new continents. And here, under her fostering care, a new civilization is springing up, strong and exuberant like the soil on which it was born. And soon this soil, with its inexhaustible gifts of nature, will have been wooed to man's

service, and will give him leisure to reach out for the nobler goods of life. By that time science will have recovered from her sad infatuation and abandoned the pursuits of those false lights which now are leading her astray. Rich with the accumulated wisdom of sixty centuries she will return to the support of that nobler sister religion from whom she was so long estranged, and from their reunion human life will assume a splendor such as the world has never beheld. Man, freed from toil by the subjugation of nature through science, freed from war and oppression by an organized brotherhood of all human races, and freed from much of that poverty, misery and vice that disgrace our present civilization, by a deeper knowledge of life and a livelier faith in God, will at last enter upon the golden age foreshadowed by the seers of the past. And Art, quickened into new life by these various influences, will experience a second renaissance far nobler than the first, by which this glorious phase of human existence will be reflected in forms of beauty transcendent and divine.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,  
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.  
May these things be!



*ON GIVING ALMS TO A BLIND BEGGAR.*

Like Belisarius, and like Homer, blind,  
By one weak child, sole guide and guardian, led,  
Alms by your hands to suffering age consigned  
He cannot see—God sees them in his stead.

—*Victor Hugo.*

## THE SUN.

See the Sun!  
God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens.—*Bailey.*



ALILY there rises from out the purrling east, a resplendent orb which with god-like power bids hence the darkling shadows that shroud the bosom of the sleeping earth, and sends the life blood throbbing through the veins of dormant Nature with this heart-gladdening message, "Arise, the day is here."

When sin had clouded his intellect, man, yet a stranger on our grey old planet, as he gazed upon this marvellous transformation first wondered, then adored. Divine mercy has long since shown him his error and has taught him to look upon the sun as but one of the myriad manifestations of almighty goodness and power to be found in the universe. Long since, then, man has ceased to kneel in adoration before the glorious god of day, but it is only in our own time that he has forced him to reveal a few of the secrets which for ages untold he has carried locked up in his glowing bosom. Not content with this, man now speaks of chaining the mighty forces of his former deity, and proposes to make of him a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the human race when the present servants—wood and coal—shall have been done to death by the strain put upon them.

To impart briefly those secrets which have been already wrung from his jealous guardianship, is the main object of the present paper, but that this information may constitute a harmonious whole, a succinct review of the history of solar discoveries will be given, and a glance cast at the possibility of utilizing in the future some of the sun's enormous energy for the benefit of mankind. What will be presented concerning his composition is mainly an imperfect digest of the work entitled "Le Soleil," by Father Secchi, a name synonymous with solar physics.

Very apt illustrations of the size and distance of the sun have been given by Mr. Langley, of Alleghany Observatory. "If," he says, "we could hollow out the sun's globe and place the earth in the centre, there would still be so much room that the moon might go on moving in her present orbit at two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth—all within the globe of the sun itself—and still have plenty of room to spare." For the distance, he has the following: "It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute time in travelling along the nerves; so that if a child puts his finger into a candle, there is a certain almost inconceivable time before he feels the heat. In case, then, the child's arm were long enough to reach the sun, it is calculated from the known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred years of age before he knew he was being burnt"—by which time we may safely conclude it would be hardly worth his while to take his hand out. Across such an immense void must the scientist peer ere he can catch a glimpse of the features of the lord of day.

Little wonder, then, that although man ceased to adore him, he long regarded him as being subjected to some immense, but vaguely conceived, conflagration and despaired of ever being able to scan his face with sufficient exactness to give an inkling of the soul that animated him within. Such immense spots occur upon it, however, that during the interval from the time of adoration to that of scientific investigation in which we now are, they were occasionally observed with the naked eye, but were believed to be planets passing over the sun. This explanation was naturally suggested by the eclipses of the sun, the cause of which was known. Galileo was the first to give the lie to this theory by the invention of the telescope. By observations made with this instrument he concluded beyond doubt that spots really

existed upon the sun, and, in addition, inferred correctly from their periodic return that the sun rotated upon its axis. But with these facts came a stand-still and no further advance was made until the invention of that most wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, by Fraunhofer in the latter half of this century. By the coercive power brought to bear upon the proud lord of day through its agency, he too, after ages of defiance, has been forced to recognize man as his master, and to add another installment to the wondrous story of creation. The spectroscope consists essentially of a prism placed behind a slit through which light passes. If this light be compound, as is the solar light, it is decomposed into its prismatic colors and arranged in bands visible to the eye. It has been found that terrestrial elements, such as iron, nickel, etc., have characteristic spectra, that being the technical term for the colors and lines projected in the instrument, when these elements are held in a flame burning in front of the slit. Now, when solar light enters and is decomposed, the resulting spectrum is in part identical with that given by several terrestrial elements and hence it is concluded that these exist in the sun. More wonderful still by observation of the spectra, we may learn whether the body projecting it is in a solid, liquid or gaseous state. All elements so far recognized in the sun are found to be in a very high state of fusion, indicating a temperature at the lowest estimate considerably higher than the highest produced upon the earth by artificial means.

The art of photography has also been of incalculable service in the study of the sun's composition—a branch of science frequently called solar physics—to such great perfection has it been carried that we can actually photograph phenomena, which we cannot perceive with the naked eye. The reason is that feeble light will accumulate its effect upon a sensitive plate so as, in the end, to produce a sensible image, whilst the first effect produced upon the retina of the eye will not be strengthened, no matter for what length of time the object be looked at.

With these three weapons, then, the telescope, the spectroscope and the camera, man has advanced to the conquest of his former deity, and we shall now examine the trophies he has already carried off from the struggle.

When we look out upon the sun as it sails through the azure vault of heaven, we see an intensely luminous body. To this science has given the name photosphere, or envelope of light. We shall see later on what is conjectured to underlie this envelope. It constitutes all of the sun that is visible to the naked eye, except during the time of a total eclipse, when another brilliantly colored envelope is seen outside of and surrounding the photosphere. Astronomers have termed this the chromosphere or envelope of color, because it presents the most brilliant hues. It may be occasionally seen with the naked eye, but usually a telescope is required, and then, as has been stated, only during a total eclipse. But this is not all. Outside of this again, the telescope, under the same circumstances, reveals yet another envelope of very tenuous matter, which stretches far off into space, and indeed fades away so gradually that it is impossible to determine its exact limits. For want of a better name this has been christened the sun's corona. These various envelopes will later on be taken up and examined separately; for the present, let us be content with knowing that they are three in number, the photosphere, the chromosphere, and the corona. It has been found, however, that if a lens be passed over the face of the sun, the concentrated rays from the centre of the photosphere—the only envelope visible to the naked eye—impart more heat than do those concentrated from its edge. Hence scientists have been led to believe that the photosphere consists of two portions, the outer one of which is in a less highly heated condition than the inner. They have, accordingly, retained the name photosphere for this inner ring, whilst the outer they have called the sun's atmosphere, thus making that body to consist of a central nucleus and four concentric rings. This, then, is the present scientific conception of the sun; but these facts were by no means the first learnt concerning it, for the spots being the most prominent phenomena, were naturally those which received the earliest attention. It has been stated that Galileo led the way in proving that spots really existed on the sun. Hitherto it had been a favorite tenet with learned men that the sun was absolutely perfect, was, in fact,



the type of perfection. The announcement that even he was not without stain, came like a thunderbolt upon the philosophers of those days. Yet the facts were undeniable; there were the spots black and ugly, some of them larger than the combined area of North and South America. Further study showed that each of these spots had a dark centre called the nucleus, bordered by a brighter ring termed the penumbra. In their immediate vicinity are usually streaks more luminous than the surrounding surface, literally portions of the sun brighter than the sun itself. To these have been given the name *faculae*. The spots not only rotate with the sun, but also have independent and sometimes retrograde motions of their own. They exist in the photosphere only and have been clearly proven to be depressions in this envelope; for when they reach the western limb of the sun and are passing out of sight they appear as pieces broken off the rim of his disc. By close observation of their motion the startling fact has been learnt that different parts of the sun rotate in different times, just as if, for instance the hub of a wheel were to rotate faster than the spokes. Hence the sun cannot possibly be made up of a solid mass. The spots occur, for the most part, only within a belt extending on either side of the sun's equator and are most numerous every eleventh year. Finally, the spectroscope proves that the constituents of the nucleus and penumbra are identical.

After the spots the photosphere itself, the envelope in which they appear, was naturally most studied. The spectroscope informs us that many of the terrestrial elements, iron, cobalt, etc., are also present in the light-bearing mantle of the sun in a gaseous condition, thus indicating intense heat. From this proceeds almost all the light and heat that gladdens and vivifies our sombre old earth. Next in order is the atmosphere which is very complex in character, being made up, as far as we know, of metallic vapours whose temperature is quite low, compared with that of the photosphere. Hydrogen is also present in this belt, but it is much more prevalent in the superlying one, the chromosphere, which, in fact, it mainly constitutes.

The remaining envelope, the corona, is the most mysterious of all and least is

known concerning it, as it can only be studied during the few seconds of a total eclipse—the spectroscope being unable to give us any information concerning its composition. It is known, however, to be in part self-luminous but reflects some light from the sun. It must be composed of matter far more tenuous than our lightest gases, for comets pass through it without having their rate at all retarded, whereas it has been mathematically demonstrated that were it composed even of hydrogen, the lightest of earthy substances, their velocity would be sensibly decreased.

During total eclipses there have been seen stretching out from the sun's disc into this corona immense segments, usually red or orange in color, which look for all the world like tongues of flame shooting up from some monstrous conflagration. These have been known to attain a height of sixty thousand miles, nay, even more, and are said to form a spectacle the equal of which in sublimity is nowhere to be found in nature. They can, however, be seen only through the telescope.

These, then, are the principal facts that observation has made known concerning the vivifier of nature. Scientists differ regarding the conclusions to be drawn from them. Up to Father Secchi's time, the spots being the most noticeable phenomena, were made the bases of all theories explaining the sun's composition. But one of these is worthy of mention, however, as it is the only one other than that of Father Secchi, which is regarded with any favor in the scientific world. Mr. Faye is its author, and after the able exposition recently made in the columns of this journal of his theory regarding the formation of the world, readers will not be surprised to learn that, according to him, whirlwinds are the great agencies at work on the sun. He believes the spots due to their presence in the photosphere, the nucleus forming their vortex and the penumbra their body. Their origin he attributes to the different rate of rotation of different parts of the sun, a phenomenon already mentioned. Once formed, they suck down the cooled vapours floating in the sun's atmosphere into the interior again, where they are once more vapourized and by the same agency, returned to the surface which is thus kept from cooling down.

The theory is strengthened by the appearance of some of the spots, which in shape resemble a snail's shell, that is, consist of a band coiled round a head, and this would be their natural form did they result from whirlwinds. On the other hand, strong objections present themselves. To note but a few of them, it is universally conceded that this circular form of the spots is rather the exception than the rule. Again, whirlwinds on the earth tend to embrace a larger and larger amount of air until at last the resistance becomes equal to the force at work, and those atmospheric disturbances disappear. On the sun, the spots act in just the contrary manner. They grow smaller and smaller, the penumbra gradually invading the nucleus from all sides, until this dark portion is entirely transformed into the radiant photosphere. The cause, also, which Mr. Faye gives is always at work, yet considerable periods frequently elapse without the occurrence of spots.

As an alternative, then, we have Father Secchi's theory. According to him, the spots are not the main centres of activity on the sun, but are merely the result of other more important phenomena. He looks upon the sun as a gaseous body, the portion within the photosphere being made up of gases at the critical state, that is, in such a condition that a slight change of temperature would occasion great changes of volume. Assuming that these changes do take place, irruptions of the most violent character must occur upon the sun. Fr. Secchi by actual observation has found that such is really the case. They throw out immense masses of gaseous and metallic vapours. These latter, as they go further from the centre grow cooler, condense, and consequently become heavier until, finally, the photosphere is unable to hold them in suspension. They then fall back to the centre by the force of gravitation, thus constituting the nucleus of the spot. The penumbra is the result of the bending in of the photosphere by the weight of these condensed vapours. The flame-like protuberances seen during eclipses, may be portions of the chromosphere thrown out by the same cause. The faculae are likewise portions of the photosphere elevated above the general level. According to this theory, then, the spots are but secondary phenomena, the eruptions being the real primary agents.

Without pronouncing absolutely for one theory or the other, it may be said that that of Father Secchi gives a fuller and more simple explanation of facts, without taking for granted any more, if as much, as does that of Mr. Faye. Such, then, is the sun as we now know it.

The present accepted theory explaining the production of the sun's heat was lucidly explained in these columns recently in connection with the exposition of Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, so that it will suffice here to state that scientists now believe that it is by a slow condensation of his own mass, that the sun is enabled to continue his work of vivifying the solar system.

As to what the future holds in store, it would be hard to conjecture. Certain it is we have no reason for believing that the day may not come when the sun, his last bit of heat radiated into space, will roll forward a burnt-out cinder of a planet, charred and blackened, with all its present activity and splendour stilled and blighted in the gloom of eternal death.

But ere its span is run, may we not utilize some of its prodigious energy for our own benefit. When the day comes, as come it will for a' that, when dame Nature shall dole out to us her last scuttle-full of coal, and when, in consequence, complete paralysis threatens to fasten upon all our industries, nay upon our very civilization, may we not go ninety-five millions of miles through space and there find a new servant to turn our engines and drive our factories. This is the problem which now confronts our scientists. Some progress in its solution has already been made. Whoever has had occasion to observe the indications of the magnetic needle, knows that these are not constant, but are subject to daily variations. Facts have been observed, which go to show that these variations are in part, in some obscure way, connected with the spots of the sun, for when the spots are most numerous the variations are greatest. Possibly, then, at some future time, we may be able to foretell several weeks, if not months beforehand, what will be the electrical state of the atmosphere which may lead to the power of, in part, forecasting the weather. In such a case, the benefit to agriculture and other fields of labor would be incalculable. It must be admitted, however, that, so far, all attempts to do so have ended in failure.

But we have something more tangible than this. At the late Paris Exhibition was a machine by which a paper was printed with the aid of no other force than that of the sun's rays. These were concentrated by a number of lenses upon a boiler, the temperature of which was raised sufficiently to generate steam by which the press was driven. We have reason, however, to expect greater results. The present accepted theory of heat is that it is a mode of motion. A heated body is considered to be one whose molecules are in very rapid vibration. It is also a scientific fact that a certain amount of heat will give a fixed equivalent

of work. If, now, any means should be discovered by which the motion of the molecules of a heated body could be directly converted into exterior motion, instead of requiring a medium such as steam, as at present, then would the sun's heat prove a veritable bonanza to mankind. This to many may seem wild speculation, but if we reflect upon the facts here stated and consider the giant strides made by science in our days, have we not good reason to hope that the day is not far off when that wondrous luminary, once the deity of the human race, will become its all-powerful, but all-obedient bondsman?

D. MURPHY, '92.

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### THAT LAST LOOK.

["I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch when, to my astonishment, I saw the Emperor (Napoleon I.) come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop-ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said: 'Ushant? Cape Ushant?' I replied, 'Yes, sire!' and withirew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed; it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in those few hours!"—*"Memoirs of an Aristocrat," by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*



T length the dread hour, that his genius foretold,  
 Has come, like a spell, 'twixt his fame and the tomb,  
 The curtain that hangs o'er the past is uproll'd,  
 And he takes a last glimpse thro' the twilight of doom!  
 O'er the speck that is fading afar in the sea,  
 Grand visions of glory have wheeled into sight;  
 The glittering of Power o'er the graves of the Free,  
 The flashing of swords 'round the footstool of Might!  
 The Present has fled—he is now with the Past!  
 Enjoy thy grand vision—this one is the last!

Like a star that is shot from the regions of night,  
 He beholds the wild flash of his meteor fame;  
 It blazes an hour in the realms of light,  
 Then sinks to the gloom whence so lately it came.  
 An Island its birthplace, an Island its grave,  
 Its life 'midst sulphureous rollings of war,—

Around it the noble, the wise, and the brave,  
 Like planets revolve 'round a central star.  
 That system is broken—and scattered its light ;  
 'There is darkness to-day 'round the footstool of Might !

\* \* \* \* \*

The Bavarian is swept from the tottering bridge,  
 The sword flashes out that is never to yield,  
 The cheer of Marengo is heard on the ridge,  
 As the legions rush down to the corpse-strewn field :  
 The sands of the desert are scattered in air,  
 The dead and the dying are heaped by the Nile,  
 And centuries look down with the glance of despair  
 From the dark-frowning top of the pyramid's pile.  
 The sun has gone down in Egypt's dark night :  
 There's a trophy to lay at the footstool of Might !

The Powers of old Europe are marshalled again,  
 O'er the Village of Austerlitz rises the sun ;  
 Ere the evening has come they are stark on the plain,  
 And the field, by that hero, in glory was won.  
 A year passes on, and by Olmutz' bright tents,  
 The armies of Europe unite for an hour ;  
 Over Iena their banners are scattered in rents,  
 And the Genius of War has affirmed his power.  
 Through thy aisles, Notre Dame, are the splendors of light ;  
*TeDeums* ascend from the footstool of Might !

The Czar of the Russias, that Despot of iron,  
 On a raft receives peace from the terror of earth :  
 His bayonets the Bear of the snow-land environ :  
 In the womb of what future his glory had birth !  
 They bow to his word, as the trees to the blast,  
 They hearken in peace, who are potent in war ;  
 He has humbled them all, from the first to the last,  
 And has chained their strong limbs to his thundering car.  
 Both Heaven and Earth are as naught in his sight :  
 Immutable seems now the foot-stool of Might !

His star now has reached its bright zenith of fame :  
 It may flash, for a while, o'er an awe-stricken world ;  
 But alas ! for the fuel to feed such a flame !

## THE OWL.

Soon, soon from that height shall the hero be hurl'd!  
From thy rocks, 'Torres Vedras, the knell has rung out;  
Salamanca has spoken in accents of fire;  
Badajos proclaims from her craggy redoubt,  
That the day of his triumph is soon to expire.  
'There's a gathering of clouds like the on-coming night,—  
'There are fragments detached from the footstool of Might!

Hear the cries of the victims that fell on the field!  
The moans from Vincennes' deep dungeons ascend;  
And he who could conquer, but never would yield,  
Is forced, for a moment, in spirit to bend.  
'Tis noon—it is June—'tis the day of the Lord,—  
On a Belgian hill is a gorgeous review;  
Thy huts, Quatre-Bras, have heard the famed word,  
That ordered the charge o'er thy squares, Waterloo!  
The last stroke has fallen, and vanished the light;  
There are ruins and gloom 'round the footstool of Might!

\* \* \* \* \*

The speck in the ocean has sunk from his view,  
He closes his field-glass and turns from the prow;  
He has hoped his last hope, no more to renew  
The flushing of joy on his marble-like brow!  
His glory is gone like a dream of the night,  
His name may survive in the annals of fame;  
But shadows shall blend with the glory of light,  
And curses, with blessings, be heaped on his name.  
Thus vanish forever the thrones of Might,  
That rest not their strength on the Pillars of Right.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Ottawa, May, 1891.

## PRIVATE PROPERTY IN LAND.

*Delivered at a Literary Entertainment, in Academic Hall,  
May 22, 1891.*



THE most fundamental, the most powerful instinct of the human heart, which prompts our every act and directs our every endeavor, is the desire for happiness, a happiness all-embracing in its objects and unlimited in its scope. In a religious age the tendency of this desire is especially directed towards higher spiritual goods, whereas in a material age like ours, the spiritual naturally recedes to give way to a craving for the good things of this earth. The disparity in the allotment of the latter among the members of the human family and the hardships which it entails upon the less favored, have at all times prompted kind souls to devise means for the righting of those wrongs, which they consider due to the faulty construction of our social establishment.

In our days, these endeavors have resulted in an organized movement termed variously socialism or communism in accordance with the different means by which they propose to accomplish their social reforms. Among the philanthropists that have become conspicuous in this movement, Herbert Spencer and Henry George occupy a foremost rank. Being deeply impressed with the picture of luxury and extravagance of the rich, the suffering and misery of the poor, the arrogance of the monopolist and the bonded slavery of the laborer, they believe that suffering humanity called upon them to relieve its helpless condition. In response to this call they generously and earnestly devoted their more than ordinary abilities to this grand and noble cause.

But blinded by their zeal, as we will generally suppose, they rushed to the unwarranted conclusion that in the possession of private property in land was to be found the source of all the misery of our nineteenth century. By the power of word and pen they have spread their communistic teachings, throughout the civilized

world and have endeavored to establish a social system based upon the destruction of private property in land, termed technically land nationalization.

Many believe this doctrine to be of American origin: but falsely so. Such a system is not congenial to the people of this continent; it is contrary to the letter and spirit of our institutions. We have risen to what we are by individual exertion and enterprise. It needs no proof that individualism and not socialism or communism, decentralization and not centralization are at the bottom of our political and material prosperity. It is most probable that the germ of the Henry George theory, as it is called, was wafted across the ocean from some of the congested cities of Europe, where abuses of class privileges and limited suffrage prevail, and where honest and industrious labor often fails to find employment or fair wages. From such a source it would be more likely to emanate than from our free and prosperous continent, where every willing hand can find honorable and well-paid employment.

Fichte, the great German philosopher, in his work, "Materials for the Justification of the French Revolution," defines property as does Mr. George. In England, Herbert Spencer had taught the same doctrine, and more recently Henry George advanced his theories in America. His greatest work, "Progress and Poverty," is an embodiment of the whole doctrine and is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the system bearing his name. It is a well written work, light and attractive, and may be read with equal pleasure and profit by the workman or the scholar.

The whole work may be summed up in the following argument: The cause of poverty should be abolished, but the cause of poverty is private property in land. Therefore private property in land should be abolished. We all freely concede that poverty should be alleviated: but the reformer who undertakes to abolish it, will find his task more difficult than he had anticipated, for poverty will ac-

company man as long as he is possessed of human nature. One, greater than Mr. George, has said: "The poor you have always with you" and history shows that poverty has ever and always followed man. To abolish it, it will be necessary to destroy the freewill of man and replace it by an instinct so perfect that the laborer will no longer squander his earnings for the gratification of his passions, nor the capitalist risk his fortune on dangerous speculations. To say the least, it is scarcely credible that after centuries of unsuccessful effort on the part of creeds and civilizations to abolish poverty, the true solution has at last been found by the socialist of our day. But let us pass to the minor proposition of the argument. "The cause of poverty is private property in land. To prove this statement, Mr. George says: "If private property in land be just, then is the remedy I propose a false one; but if, on the contrary, private property in land be unjust, then is the remedy the true one." The sophistry of this argument must be apparent. Even should the main proposition be granted, we could not logically conclude that the abolition of private property in land would do away with all property, since there exist many other social injustices which might equally well lead to the same consequence. But Mr. George goes further; not only does he say that private property in land is unjust, that it is the cause of all poverty, but even that it is the cause of many crimes, that it is robbery, that it is the creator of the slum and the gaol. Proudhon, the French economist, expressed a similar idea when he said: "Property is theft." Mr. George, however, does not say that all property is theft, but confer as the crime to private property in land. To prove the injustice of this kind of property, he quotes freely from the Bible and applies thereto his own interpretation. He quotes such texts as the following: "God hath given the earth to the sons of men." "The Lord's is the earth and the fulness thereof." Strange it is that Mr. George, in these later days, should find an interpretation for these texts which the greatest men of the past failed to discover; though many of them spent their lives in the elucidation of God's written law. God, of course, has given the earth to the sons of men, but he has not specified the manner in which they should own it.

Concerning the interpretation of these ordinances, history leaves us in doubt, for Christians and Jews, throughout the last 600 years, have strongly upheld the justice of the private ownership of land. But Mr. George, having vainly attempted to distort in his favor the teachings of Holy Writ, applies to nature, to natural law for the establishment of his peculiar theory. The only title to exclusive possession, says he, is that which nature gives. But nature gives such title only to labor. Therefore, labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession. This was Fichte's argument, before it was Mr. George's. When he says that title of possession is acquired only by labor, he denies validity of title derived from priority of occupation, and, furthermore, he asserts that this title is most absurd. The problem thus presented resolves itself into the following alternative: If any other title than that of labor can be proven, then Mr. George is wrong; if none other can be proven, then he is right. But it is a fact that there does exist another source of right of possession, acknowledged by every human race that has emerged from the state of savagery, and which forms the corner-stone in the foundation of every civilized community, namely, the right derived from prior occupation. To prove that this right has no claim to our consideration, he uses the following example: Has the first comer at a banquet a right to turn back all the chairs and claim that none of the other guests should partake of the food provided, except as they make terms with him; and again, Has the first passenger who enters a railroad car the right to scatter his baggage over all the other seats and compel those who come in after him to stand?

These are for Mr. George two most unhappy illustrations, for they prove the contrary of what he intended. Undoubtedly, the man who takes a seat at a banquet or in a railway car has no right to exclude others from the other seats, but he may certainly exclude them from the seat which he occupies; and, in like manner, the first settler on a piece of land may exclude others from that particular portion on which he is already established. And I have little doubt but that even the philanthropic Mr. George would resent it as an injustice, if another guest at a ban-

quet were to deprive him of his seat, under the pretence that he being also an invited guest, had an equal right to it. At the grand banquet of nature spread before us by the benign and bounteous Creator, all men are but invited guests. At that banquet places are not assigned, and according as each guest is ushered in, he chooses his seat and no one can deprive him of his title to it, because it is based upon prior occupation.

This right is so fundamental that its inviolability is recognized by every civilized nation, but it is especially sacred to the English race, whose whole legal edifice is reared upon a basis of historical rights, which is but a wider extension of the principle of prior occupation.

Thus on the side of history, Mr. George stands confuted by the established facts of the present as well as by the traditions of the past.

But how does he deal with his problem from the point of abstract reason? His principle, as already stated is, "There can be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the product of labor, therefore, the recognition of private property in land is wrong." He clearly explains his argument, but fails to prove that only the products of labor can be possessed and enjoyed. This statement cannot be taken as granted, for common sense denies it. It must be clear to all that in a farm improved by patient toil, or in a block of marble which has been fashioned into a statue, the improvement is inseparable from the material and cannot be enjoyed unless the material be possessed by him who worked it. But, even accepting the theory that labor put in concrete form on material things, gives the only title to ownership, still private property in land is just. If I clear a field, fence it in and put a house upon it, I put my labor in concrete form. A useless piece of land has by my industry been converted into a productive one. Now, if I am deprived of right to own this field, I am deprived of the product of my honest exertion, just as would be the miner, if denied the right to own the gold which by his toil he has extracted from the bosom of the earth. Moreover, if land cannot belong to a private owner, neither can it be owned by a corporation, a state or a nation. Starting from the principle that God has given the earth to

the sons of men and that it belongs to them in common, we must conclude that no body of men can lay claim to any portion of the earth. But Mr. George denies this and herein he displays his inconsistency.

He denies the title of the individual on the ground that all land is common property, but allows that a body of men has a right to possess a portion of the earth from which they may exclude the rest of mankind. To be consistent with the principle that all land is common, he should deny to any community the right to own land; he should deny to a state the right to put up barriers and mark out a frontier; he should deny to a nation the right to defend the land that has been moistened by the blood of their ancestors for generations, the land that has been their cradle and that is to be their grave.

Thus, by the rigid enforcement of this pernicious doctrine, patriotism would become an empty sound; the ties of nationality would be severed and our most sacred institutions would fall into chaos. Nay, more, in its final results, if not in its direct aims, it must inevitably lead to socialism and communism. If he who by the sweat of his brow reclaims the sterile soil, who changes the wilderness into a blooming garden, is not entitled to possess the object thus transformed, then why should he be thus favored who fashions the death-dealing bow, who breathes life into the rude marble, or who harnesses the steam and the lightning to his service? For except in the realms of the ideal, in the arts and sciences, man, properly speaking, produces nothing. He only transforms the free gifts of nature: the oak, the metal, the stone or the land from an object quite valueless in itself into one of varied utility by impressing upon that object the stamp of his handiwork—his own idea.

It must thus become evident to all that land nationalization, in its ultimate consequences, means communism, and communism means the destruction of that noble civilization which is the pride of modern man. For it would rob life of every incentive to exertion, and our existence would be one steeped in idleness and sloth, except when roused into activity by the lash of the tyrant, the task-master. All ambition of perfecting our faculties and of thereby gaining distinction and independ-



ance among our fellow-men would vanish, if the community would guarantee us the necessaries of life, but confiscate the surplus earnings of our labor. But the hearts of all right-minded men recoil from such a condition of things, and their arms will at all times be willingly raised in defence of our present system, which is based especially upon private ownership in land.

Yet, this right, though engraved upon the heart of man by the hand of nature, has its restrictions. It is true that the state is from God and has the right of *eminent domain*, in virtue of which it can abridge or take away class privileges or curtail private ownership for the benefit of the whole community. How far this right may extend it is unnecessary to discuss, for it is subject to circumstances and fluctuates like the mercury in a barometer in the different political systems. Suffice it to say that though a corporation or state has the right to own public property, yet, this right does in no way collide with the right of private ownership. The right of private property is limited by the state's

eminent domain, by the necessities of other men and by the universal law of charity, which makes all things common in case of extreme necessity. In conclusion, then, I would say that the Henry George theory had its origin in the misconception of poverty, and is but an evil remedy wrongly applied.

For poverty, like all human misery, the unavoidable result of man's physical, mental and moral infirmity, can never be abolished, but may be alleviated by the two grandest virtues of Christianity—justice and charity. Whenever they are properly practiced, poverty is seldom seen.

Let us, then, not be deluded by the pleasing theories so plausibly presented by modern socialists, but rather be guarded by history, experience, common sense and reason. Then, nothing for the future need be feared. Private property will remain secure. The steady march of civilization will continue as in the past, and progress, peace and prosperity will crown the endeavors of men.

F. L. FRENCH, '91.

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### MY TROUBLES.

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I wrote down my troubles every day ;  
 And after a few short years,  
 When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,  
 I read them with smiles, not tears.

—John B. O'Reilly.

*A NIGHT IN JUNE.*

THE dusky woods pour shadows o'er the fields,  
 Where cattle wander free,  
 The dying day its last effulgence yields  
 To homeward light the bee.

In distant cots the early lights are set,  
 And through the darkness gleam,  
 Like cold sepulchral lamps with fresh tears wet,  
 So low and dim they seem.

Now, in the ebon curtains of the night  
 The face of earth is hid,  
 And sleep with balmy touches, firm yet light,  
 Seals many a weary lid.

The servile stars around the queenly moon  
 Their silent vigils keep,  
 While showers of saffron-light by them are strewn  
 Upon the murky deep.

It is the hour when varied perfumes blend  
 As incense on the air ;  
 It is the hour when guardian angels bend  
 Above their infant care.

The drowsy river glamorless and pale  
 Steals through the silent glade ;  
 Its wanton rills of music sink and fail,  
 Its silver glories fade.

No longer Echo, with her mocking voice,  
 Laughs back the sounds of day,  
 Nor matron birds o'er sleeping broods rejoice  
 In proud maternal lay.

The winds no longer on the trembling trees  
Unloose their potent tides,  
The air too gentle grows to nurse a breeze,  
Peace with the world abides.

A mighty stillness, like a dread which holds  
A heart in harsh embrace,  
Upon the fields and woods its soundless folds  
Outspreads in sightless lace.

Beside the window now I sit and brood  
In my own favorite room ;  
While o'er my mind half-vanished memories flood  
I gaze out on the gloom.

Oh, far away beyond the realms of night  
With saddened eyes I see,  
The day's rich graces fading from my sight  
Forever gone from me—

Forever gone to join the fearful hosts  
Of works and deeds ill-done ;  
Which daily press, to haunt like spectral ghosts,  
As sets the evening sun !

At length the stars drop one by one from sight,  
The moon hath left her throne,  
Oh, would that there might come, as fades the light,  
The joy of deeds well done !

M.



## THE EAR.



**I**N a world where the divine gifts are so profusely spread, it is not difficult for the well-disposed to find ample food for their nobler faculties. They can study the models that God has left for man, and in them find the elements that human nature so imperiously demands for its own perfection. For as we judge of a writer by his style, of an artist by his paintings, so we obtain a knowledge of the Great Artificer by his works. In him we attain our end, we satisfy our cravings, for we seek truth at its very source.

Among so many blessings placed at the disposal of the scientist, the admirable order that pervades all things is perhaps the most common, though not the least wonderful. The Greeks struck by this harmony of the physical laws called the world *cosmos*, and for a similar reason man, the masterpiece of creation, has been termed a *microcosm*; for in him are represented and disposed the different kingdoms into which the universe is divided. Let us then select from this most perfect of creatures, a type that may give us an idea of the harmony of nature. The ear, that admirable laboratory, with its intricate passages and secret vaults, wherein are analysed nature's most varied strains, illustrates strikingly that "order is heaven's first law." Each little cell, each frail tissue is a wonder in itself. But most wonderful of all is the principle by which all these members tend to the attainment of this common end.

Sound is the material upon which all this wonderful apparatus that constitutes the human ear is working day and night. It behoves us to ascertain first the nature of the task and we may afterwards judge whether or not it is equal to it. Sound is best understood, if sought for at its very source. Let us take an example close at hand to illustrate this. In the capital of this, our promising young country, we have the privilege of knowing the exact time of noon. For as soon as the sun crosses the meridian, the cannon on Parlia-

ment Hill heralds forth the solemn news, and all the bells of surrounding churches nod approvingly. Most of us do not see the flash issuing from the mouth of the gun, nor do we behold the bells swinging to and fro in their lofty steeples, still as we are conscious of this fact, whence comes this knowledge? As the powder explodes, the air is forced out of the barrel. These first particles of air strike against those immediately surrounding and set them in motion. The second layer then imparts its own vibrations to the air immediately adjoining. Thus successive waves sweep over the city and penetrate through doors and windows into the workshops and offices. Their effect is magical. The workman drops his spade, the clerk quickly closes his ledger and the hard working student reluctantly stores away *Zigliara* or *Canot*, over which he was pondering with such delight. All of these have become conscious of the vibrations produced by the explosion. For the wave passing through the ear was conveyed to the brain by the auditory nerve and there produced sound. All these operations have, however, been performed in a shorter space of time than it takes to describe them; for sound, whatever be its intensity, travels 1,120 feet per second. If any one should desire a clearer demonstration of the nature and production of sound, he might observe an analogous phenomenon in the ripples seen on the disturbed waters of a lake, when its smooth surface is broken by a falling stone.

Owing to a fact which does not at first sight seem in accordance with this explanation of sound, certain scientists have criticized this theory. Their whole reasoning can be summed up in a very few words. Let us suppose, they say, that a tree should fall in the midst of a forest, sound will surely exist, whether some one is there to hear it or not. We answer that in one case sound will be produced, while in the other it will not. For in either case vibrations will be produced by the crash of the falling tree. If no one is there to perceive them they re-

main simple vibrations, while if a man is present, the vibrations will in no way be changed, but they will be perceived, that is they will be transmitted to the brain by the ear. And this is simply what is meant by sound. It is not produced by the hearer, but since it is a sensation some one must be there to feel it. Undoubtedly, what we call vibrations others may call sound. For after all,

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

But the consent of scientists must evidently determine scientific terms. And their verdict surely favors the explanation that considers sound a sensation.

Of this simple and well-defined object the ear is the organ. Physiologists, for the sake of clearness, have grouped its various parts into three classes: the exterior, middle and interior ear. The *prima* or *pavilion* is the most conspicuous part of the exterior ear. It consists of a cartilaginous substance shaped very irregularly. Few scientists have attempted to explain the use of its elevations and depressions. The explanation given by Savart, and which seems the most plausible, is that the *pinna* is set in vibration by the waves that enter the ear. The elevations and depressions are so disposed as to offer a plane at right angles to the vibrations, whatever their direction may be.

In the centre of the *pavilion* is the *concha* which presents to us a principle remarkable in itself and in its numerous applications, both in ancient and modern times. It is funnel-shaped, having its larger opening turned outward. This position of the *concha* admirably adapts it to being a receptacle, for its larger surface is directed toward the pulse or wave. As the vibrations enter the orifice they first set in motion a relatively large volume of air. But as they proceed further, the volume of air diminishes, while the strength of the vibrations is constant. The air, then, which is at the smaller extremity of the *concha*, is agitated much more strongly than the exterior atmosphere and the sound is thereby strengthened.

A very ingenious application of this principle is left us among the ruins of antiquity. In the neighbourhood of Syracuse, in Sicily, the modern traveller may find the famous cave dug and fashioned

by Dionysius the Tyrant. Its form is that of a huge ear, so built that all the sounds are carried to a central chamber corresponding to the *tympanum*. This monster organ is 250 feet long and 80 feet high. Even now that time has so severely worn and altered its antique frame, sound is so perfectly collected and transmitted the tearing of a sheet of paper is distinctly heard in the receptacle.

In our century of inventions, this principle is universally known and daily applied. The stethoscope, ear-trumpet and the common speaking tube, are so many examples of it. A very peculiar story is told of an old damsel, the unhappy possessor of one of these ear-trumpets. She was as deaf as old ladies alone can be. And as the remedy was proportioned to the evil, the instrument was of huge dimensions. One morning, when the milkman was in attendance, the old lady whose custom it was to confront all inquirers with the monster organ, hastened to the door and cautiously opening it, thrust the huge bell of the instrument outward. The milkman although accustomed to the sight of vessels and pitchers of every kind, was taken quite unawares by this receptacle. Nothing daunted, however, he seized two of his largest cans, quickly emptied one into the trumpet and was on the point of emptying the second, when a death-like groan, the sudden collapse of the trumpet and its supporter, followed by the sight of the old damsel gasping for breath in a pool of milk made him stand aghast and persuaded him to stop the inundation.

Such, indeed, are the evil effects that result, when nature's laws are not there to direct and rule. Without imputing the fault to the old party, the unhappy victim of this accident, we infer the importance of a large and well proportioned *concha*.

Let us now follow the vibrations strengthened by the *concha*, after they have traversed the strait and uniform tube called the auditory passage, as they strike against the drum of the ear. The *tympanic* cavity which contains the different parts of the middle ear, is separated from the auditory canal by the *tympanum*. This organ consists of a delicate membrane stretched at the interior extremity of the auditory canal. By it the vibrations are rendered more intense. Besides communicating its own motion

by the medium of air to a second membrane facing it in the tympanic cavity, it also succeeds in importing its vibrations by means of a succession of small bones called the anvil, hammer and stirrup.

This minute drum has its own tiny snap. But with what delicacy and alacrity they work! They recognize the pitch of the faintest sound and obligingly prepare the membrane so as to adapt it to the wants of the new comers. In reality they form but one muscle, which has deservedly been called by the more euphonic name of *tensor tympani*. According as it loosens or tightens the drum, the deep or shrill sounds are best heard.

It is due to this property especially that the range of hearing differs in many of us. Some persons do indeed perceive grave sounds, while they are absolutely deaf to higher notes. The sound of the cricket and the chirrup of the common house sparrow is not heard by persons whose range of hearing is somewhat limited. Among several cases of this partial deafness, Professor Tyndall mentions that of one of his fellow-travellers. "In the 'Glaciers of the Alps,'" says the scientist, "I have referred to a case of short auditory range noticed by myself in crossing the Wengern Alps in company with a friend. The grass at each side of the path swarmed with insects, which to me rent the air with their shrill chirruping. My friend heard nothing of this, the insect music lying quite beyond his limit of audition."

The extreme delicacy of the vibrations of the tympanic membrane is really extraordinary. Edison has utilized this property in his wonderful invention, the phonograph. All sound waves and inflexions of the voice are duly registered by means of a vibrating membrane on the tin-foil that covers the roller of the phonograph. Thus, when the instrument is asked to repeat the lesson it has learnt, it gives not only the words, but the very shades of the voice that has taught it. If such is the delicacy of an artificial membrane, how much greater must be that of the tympanum of the ear, since man is a very imperfect copyist of nature?

Another important part of the middle ear which we cannot fail to mention is the Eustachian tube which connects the tympanic cavity with the mouth. By it equilibrium is established between the

atmosphere and the air in the cavity. It is really a peace-maker, and it prevents all the evils that would arise from unequal and opposite pressures. The abnormal distention that they would produce might be a source of pain and deafness.

Let us now fearlessly enter into the labyrinth, leaving behind us all dread of the monstrous minotaur, and even the wonted spool of thread. Sound will be our *cicerone*. Two entrances are at our disposal, the oval window already mentioned and a similar entrance called the round window. At the approach of sound the fluid that fills the labyrinth is agitated. The fluid in turn affects the extremities of the auditory nerve that are rooted in the *cochlea*. This latter organ is also called the snail-shell on account of its spiral shape. Its object, it seems, is to determine the pitch of sound.

Above the cochlea are three semi-circular canals placed at right angles to each other. They also communicate with the internal fluid and are instrumental in determining the direction of sound. Prof. Wheatstone who upholds this opinion, says in support of it that the position of the canals best adapt them to vibrate in unison with the sound-wave, whatever be its direction. In this, as in the explanation of many of the other parts of the ear, we are obliged to accept the most probable theories as truth is often veiled in mystery.

Near the cochlea is placed a wonderful organ closely connected with the filaments of the auditory nerve. It was discovered by Marchese Corti and hence has received the name of Corti's fibres. This organ is, to all appearances, a musical instrument. Each of its fibres is made to vibrate in unison with a particular note. Thus each string responds to the echo of the least shade of sound without disturbing its neighbour. While describing this organ. Tyndall says, "within the ears of men and without their knowledge or contrivance this lute of 3,000 strings has existed for ages, receiving the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for reception by the brain." Now, all these parts of the labyrinth which represent so many different functions are intimately connected in their common object, they all converge to the auditory nerve and thence are conveyed to the brain.

The ear has thus far disclosed many of

the secrets that it hides from less persistent inquirers. Still, the scientist's thirst for knowledge is not so easily quenched. For every object, every fact is a puzzle at which he works away until he has mastered all its intricacies. To what degree Eve was addicted to curiosity no one has ventured to say. If, however, she has bequeathed this accomplishment to others than to her fair descendants, the scientist must have inherited the little that remained. In justice to him, however, we are obliged to say that his curiosity differs materially from that of Eve, in as much as it is directed toward useful things. This quality, then, which is a most desirable one, has often urged him to ask of nature how it is that sensations of the brain are

perceived by the soul. But to this she remains obstinately silent and refuses to reveal this secret solemnly entrusted to her care.

It is our lot to be this tantalized by the enhancing, but hidden grandeurs of the unattainable. Still man derives a most profitable lesson from this. For the more he learns, the better he sees how limited is his knowledge, and how vast and beautiful the field from which he may cull the flowers of perfection.

So nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our play-things one by one, and the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we  
know.

C. D. GAUDET, '92.



DEMOSTHENES' "DE PACE."

**E**LOQUENCE is that part of polite learning which possesses the most beauty, solidity and splendor, and is, perhaps, of the most extensive use. What still more exalts its value, according to Cicero, is the amazing scarcity of good orators in all ages. If we examine the ranks of all other professions, arts and sciences, we find numbers excelling in them; but not so with regard to eloquence. Many, indeed, have striven to obtain name and fame in this particular branch; few, however, have won the crown of victory. Hence it is but right that we should reverence and admire the works of those few great minds that have been favored with success in this art, which has persuasion for its supreme object, and which has moved men to perform deeds of glory, valor and magnanimity, that without its influence would never have been recorded on the pages of history. Among those who have brought eloquence to its

high standard of perfection, Demosthenes is the master-mind, whose claim to the princedom of oratory can scarcely be contested. Combined with his genius no orator ever had a finer field to display his powers. Of a nation renowned for their justice and love of freedom, he lived at a time when the rights and liberties of Athens, his fatherland, were threatened with destruction by Philip of Macedon. It is only according to the fitness of things, however, that nearly all his greatest efforts have Philip as their main-spring, and that his object was to rouse the Athenians to a sense of their duty in guarding against the movements of this crafty prince. Demosthenes was of versatile genius, and he became eminent in every species of eloquence he attempted. Of his many works, the oration "De Pace" deserves our attention as a striking example of reasoning power. Not only that, but it is a discourse remarkable as showing forth the deep foresight and statesmanship of "the orator." It is his duty to convince the sagacious Athenians, who had been lulled by the false promises of Philip, not to break the peace which had

been made. He must persuade them by his own power, not to agree to a treaty founded on artifice and deceit, and formulated by their most dangerous enemy, a man considered by some as a prince of the greatest political abilities that ever lived, whose greatest design was to become master of Greece. By stratagem and ignoble means he had enticed the credulous Athenians into a treaty of peace dishonorable as it was unjust. Philip had chosen the opportune time, when he was powerful and Athens weakened, to demand an acceptance of his views. But Demosthenes was prepared to offset his plans. The orator knew better than the people that Philip's action had neither faith nor honor as a basis. And with this conviction how was he to reconcile his hearers to ratify the peace? By means of his excellent statesmanship and political knowledge, wherein he showed himself the equal, if not the superior, of the great Philip. But if we wish to thoroughly understand and appreciate the merit of this work, it is necessary to turn our attention to the time and circumstances which prompted its delivery. Philip had conquered Cynthus and was resolved to bring more honor upon himself by getting possession of the Greek towns on the Hellespont and Chersonese, and thence obtaining the sovereignty of southern Greece. The conquest of the towns was a comparatively easy task, but success in securing a foothold in Greece proper was a difficult, and, at the same time, dangerous undertaking. He found himself obliged to make use of craft as well as of military prowess, to bring over to his party certain of the Greek states, whose aid was essentially necessary to accomplish his projects. The sacred war which was then being carried on proved a favorable means towards the desired end. The principal participants in this strife were the Thebans and Phocians, both of whom were anxious to obtain the assistance of the Macedonian king. Philip cast his lot with the Thebans and now with his usual cunning figured in a new role, as the avenger of the insults offered to the deity. This bold stroke gained over to his side many of the Greek states who regarded him as the champion of religion. A remarkable example of human delusion! However, a serious difficulty presented itself. The Phocians were in alliance with the Athenians, and,

consequently, an attack on the former was an offence to the latter. So, to conciliate Athens for the present, he caused his partisans to spread the report there that he was desirous of peace. In this way he won to his interests many able members of the Athenian Assembly, who were henceforward ready and willing to stand by him in consideration of financial gifts. Ambassadors were accordingly sent to Philip to hear his personal views. These envoys among whom were Æschines and Demosthenes, returned with a letter from the Macedonian king and at a meeting of the assembly peace was decided on. The embassy was again ordered to sail for Macedonia to receive the oath of Philip. When the delegates arrived at Pella, the capital of the Macedonian empire, Philip was engaged in a war with Thrace. And when the king did return he prevailed on the ambassadors to go with him as far as Phœræ. From this place they went to Athens and Philip proceeded to Thermopylæ, the capture of which was one of his fondest hopes. The Athenians not suspecting that Philip would betray his promises, sent no assistance to their Phocian allies; whilst at this very time with the aid of the Thesalians and Thebans, he was overrunning the country of the Phocians and taking possession of Delphi. Directly, the Amphictyonic Assembly was convened to deliberate concerning the action of the desecrators of the shrine. Among other judgments passed, the Phocians were deprived of their right of membership to this quondam august assembly. The Macedonian king ever ready to avail himself of favorable opportunities, had their privileges transferred to him. The news of this caused extreme surprise and consternation in Athens. The Athenians saw too late their mistake in having placed confidence in the promises of Philip and, alarmed at the increase of Macedonian influence, they prepared to put the city in a state of defence. They now became acquainted with the true nature of the Macedonian's design, that instead of favoring Athens, he was doing his utmost to further the interests of her hated rival Thebes, which through his interference had received in some measure her former strength. As a striking mark of their disapproval of the turn of events, the Athenians refused to send representatives to the Pythian games, the superintendence of which had been



given to Philip. Their non-attendance evidenced their protest against his election. Such was the state of affairs when the Macedonian envoys arrived at Athens to demand a sanction to the decree whereby their king was made a member of the Amphictyonic Council. A meeting of the Assembly was hastily called to consider what action would be taken. The people were naturally indignant because they had not been consulted before the election, and, filled with fear for the future movements of Philip, they were inclined to refuse to sanction the election, and applauded those orators that opposed the claim.

Finally, Demosthenes rises in the might of his genius to address his countrymen on this question so seriously concerning their future safety, and to advise them as to what course they should pursue. He is confronted by a twofold difficulty: to convince them against their will that they should abide by the peace, and to prove that in giving this advice he is not in any way influenced by Philip's gold. In this oration on the peace Demosthenes stands forth simply as an Athenian imbued with those feelings of loyalty to his country which should fill every patriot's heart. There is no need for any studied exordium or peering into unnecessary details. All know the reason of their meeting. The difficulty of the task before him only serves as an incentive to make him stand more firm and resolute in the course which duty pointed out. With the slightest introduction he launches forth into his subject and advises his countrymen not to disrupt the peace. He points out to them former instances where his counsel stood

them in good stead; and why not now trust in him as he knows whereof he speaks? By a chain of arguments in which no weak spot is to be found, he proves to them the utter necessity of agreeing to Philip's claim in order not to break the existing peace, not, indeed, on account of its worth, but because their interests demand it. He warmly counsels them to comply to that which it is not in their power to prevent. It is not the time for them to provoke the hostility of Philip, when he is allied with Thebes and Thessaly. The discourse is short but effective, the orator concludes by demonstrating to them the folly of sacrificing all their interests for the sake of "a mere shadow in Delphi," as he is pleased to call the Amphictyonic Council.

We may reasonably believe that his advice was followed, at least the envoys departed confident that the peace would remain unbroken. But, whatever may have been the effect on the hearers, this oration remains as a striking example of the perfection to which eloquence may be carried in the hand of a genius. Had Demosthenes composed no other work, the "De Pace" would be sufficient to make the name of that great man immortal as the prototype of the true orator and statesman, devoting his whole energy to the furtherance of his country's cause. And if we wish to become familiar with and perfect ourselves in the art of persuasion in its real form, no better means is afforded us than a careful study of this remarkable little speech, which for close reasoning, clear argument, lofty patriotism and admirable arrangement of parts, can scarcely be surpassed.

LOUIS J. KEROL, '94.

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### WHY DO YE CALL THE POET LONELY?

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Why do ye call the poet lonely,  
 Because he dreams in lonely places?  
 He is not desolate, but only  
 Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces.  
 — Archibald Lampman.

## VILLE MARIE.

By Very Rev. Hen. Med. Dawson, LL.D.



VILLE MARIE! thou 'mong cities known to fame,  
 High place hast found and most illustrious name.  
 Time was and all thy walls a fortress lone;  
 Around the red man's homes. Hence brightly  
 shone  
 Thy children's valour. Now resounds the yell  
 Of warriors fierce as if by sudden spell  
 Sprung from their coverts dark, a fearful sight  
 To peaceful harvesters, in their sad fright  
 Seeking for refuge; but no refuge near  
 Save the lone fortress, destined to appear  
 A stronghold. Its portals a maiden bright  
 Securely gains, ascends the rampart's height,  
 The trumpet sounds and calls "to arms" aloud,  
 Though none are there to meet the warrior crowd  
 That swarms around, raising their warwhoop wild.  
 In vain. Fearless now the heroic child,  
 \*Brave beyond her years, promptly makes resound  
 The cannon's roar. In terror quit the ground  
 The invading hordes. Now o'er the land afar  
 The booming of the cannon 's heard, and war  
 By brave defenders overtakes the foe:  
 His doom to meet with total overthrow.

Such scenes, Ville Marie, in thy early days  
 Thy peace assailed: yet honour in such ways  
 Like a vast treasure to thy credit stood,  
 Throughout the coming ages to hold good;  
 And when thy modern glory shall decay  
 Thy wondrous wealth and commerce swept away,  
 Ancestral deeds will still be widely known,  
 The brave extolled their praise immortal grown,  
 So long as song shall charm and sterner lore  
 The land shall grace. For ages evermore  
 The memory of thy maiden, brave and fair,  
 Shall honoured live, THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.†

Ville Marie by Saint Lawrence mighty tide  
 In arts of peace excels its well-won pride.  
 With princely wealth the happy land is crowned:  
 Even more for princely use of wealth renowned.  
 For cause of learning edifices raised  
 And temples grand, their gorgeous style much praised,  
 Munificence attest and charm the eye  
 With all that native art has rare and high.  
 No lack of men for learning much esteemed,  
 Such Gallia's sons of noble race are deemed.  
 Not less the champion of Truth renowned  
 In science fields with public honours crowned,

Still greater praise the willing bard must own ;  
 Blest mercy's works adorn the favoured town,  
 Alleviating ills with skill to heal ;  
 Improving thus humanity's chief weal.  
 That hospital with Europe's may compare  
 Where ailments the most lethal freely share  
 The kind sister's nursing. Forget their woe  
 The patients all, and power of mercy show.

No red man on the warpath now is found,  
 And all is peace this happy land around.  
 The tomahawk that fiercest Iroquois bore  
 And scalping knife, more dreadful still, no more  
 Are seen. The axe and ploughshare now replace  
 These tools of war, so long the land's disgrace.  
 In justice rules the State on kindness bent,  
 Each Indian tribe is with its lot content,  
 And grateful prays that long to them be spared  
 Our gracious Queen, e'er bounteous prepared  
 On Indians as on Britons to bestow  
 That loving care prosperity must show.  
 Example great ! May 't all around be known  
 And soon its power officialty must own,  
 Sweet peace promote and dark rebellion quell  
 By kindest ways as if by hoily spell.  
 Though different opinions hold their ground,  
 High honour 'tis that concord can abound ;  
 Fanatic strife, of darkness born, unknown,  
 New glory hence the city calls its own.

Kind hospitality Ville Marie's bounds  
 Has ever graced. This to her praise redounds,  
 Welcome the guest, his nation questioned not,  
 All but his true personal claims forgot.  
 'Twas thus of old, ere yet to greatness grown,  
 And now, possessed of wealth and high renown,  
 More even than of yore, with liberal hand,  
 Dispensed her favours are to every land.

\* Mlle Vercheres was only twelve years of age.

† Pronounced *Vercheres*.

## FRAGMENTS.



LONG will I remember the evening of the 5th August, 1882. I was abroad in the country, the hour was ten, and the harvest-moon had not yet appeared above the horizon. The night was clear, calm and beautiful; millions of stars bespangled the firmament, and planets revolved harmoniously in space. Along the west a few cloudlets hovered, the south was inky dark, and the east was slightly tinged with a silver glow. My attention was drawn towards the north, where one golden shaft of light shot up from behind the distant hills until its point touched the plough. Soon it was accompanied by another similar beam, then another and another, until fully thirty gilded spears pointed towards the zenith. Along the horizon, beneath those shafts of fire, there appeared a deep phosphorescent glow, which gradually ascended, and as the brilliant beams commingled, became brighter red and then blood-like crimson. Here and there, like the troughs of great breakers, a sombre purple hue divided the more brilliant colors. Soon all the varieties of the rainbow, multiplied a million times, assumed a thousand different forms. At first, like a vast canopy it appeared to overhang the north, then undulating majestically, it seemed like a curtain suspended between us and some glorious vision of the spirit-land. Pinned to the firmament at either end by a diamond-cluster constellation, it dropped its miles of prismatic fringe until almost touching the hill-tops. You would think that the hand of the Creator was turning for his human children the great kaleidoscope of the universe. And, with the Laird of Abbotsford:

"I knew by the streamer that 'hot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the northern light."

I have seen the sun set when the grandest dreams of Angelo were surpassed in the west; I have seen the flush of the dawn upon the hills of the east; I have

contemplated the heavens by night, and said with Denis Florence McCarthy:

"What earthly temple such a roof can boast,  
What flickering lamp with the star-light vies,  
When the round moon rests, like a sacred host,  
Upon the azure altar of the skies!"

I have seen the tempest, when the storm-god had unchained the elements, and, amidst the flash and boom of heaven's artillery, rushed to the destruction of a whole volley; I have heard of the earthquake in its shocks of ruin, the ocean in its fury; Vesuvius burst forth and with lava-tide hurried the cities of old, but I am sure that in none of these exhibitions of nature is the power, the goodness, the omnipotence, the omniscience, and the omnipresence of the Almighty to be seen as forcibly and as truly grand as in the contemplation of that great natural phenomenon of our hemispheres, the *Aurora Borealis*!

Such was the panorama I gazed upon that August night nine years ago. There were thoughts and reflections suggested by that scene; often since have I said to myself, "How like the world, what an image of humanity, what a reflection of history?"

\* \* \* \*

Friend, have you ever paused in the mid-stream of life, and looking around you and behind, meditated upon the events that are going on and those past? Have you ever thought of the faults, follies, vices and consequent misfortunes that are interwoven with the virtues, joys and blessings of life? Stay then for a moment, and gazing upon the picture of life, see how all that applies to the human family at large, also applies in a smaller scale to each individual. The crimes of nations are but the complication of the sins of individuals. -the virtues of peoples are only the enlargement of the virtues of each particular person comprising them.

See humanity living happy and free in the golden day of Eden. Sin creeps in and the sun of earthly bliss has sunk into night—the dark night of Death. The silver orb of Redemption has not yet arisen upon the sky. The few planets of the

prophets, patriarchs and good men alone bespangle the firmament, when behold; like mighty shafts of flame, the north is illumined by those conquering heroes that shoot their brilliancy even to the zenith. Soon behind them comes the crimson flush of destructive war, the purple depths of crime, the brilliant, changing, fleeting, restless, fading, but at times dazzling glow of worldly grandeur and pomp. It waves over the firmament of antiquity, ever changing and undulating. It is a splendid vision to contemplate—but only to the eye of the utopian theorist of this earth. It fades away before the glorious dawn of Christianity. It is a dream, gone like the northern light, leaving no trace, no glow even on the sky where so brilliantly it shone. And if the history of the peoples of ancient days, has gone like the glimmer on the night-sky, so the story of each child of pagan times has passed away, leaving no tangible mark. The lines of a few

“Great men may remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Thus the glory, pomp, and renown of two thousand years, ages twice two thousand, sink into oblivion's sealed tomb. Look then into the future! In a few hundred years to come all the splendor of the nineteenth century shall have vanished—with our crimes and follies we shall have interred all the pomp of our boasted civilization. And each of us in particular, long, long before that day, will have faded from the scene, like the shimmering of the northern light. A perishable tomb-stone, or at best a monument that the successive tides of time will destroy, may mark a few years our resting place and tell, to the “cold-eyed many,” that we once existed. And all the splendors of our most brilliant careers shall have vanished as completely from earth and from the minds of men, as have passed away the lights of the Aurora Borealis I beheld in 1882.

But is *all* to perish thus-wise? Must each generation, and each individual composing part of it, wave along the night sky of life and ere the morning of its or of their aspirations shall have dawned, disappear forever? If so, no life, not the longest and most glorious, would be worth living; it would not be in accordance with the infinite greatness of God, that so ephemeral and resultless an existence

should comprise the *all* of man's destiny. If God is—as we are taught by Faith to believe—the Almighty, All-Wise, All-Powerful and All-Just Creator, His works must be commensurate with His attributes; He is eternal; there must then be a life whose pomp never passes, whose splendor never fades, whose bliss never dies. It is not a thing of the past (for us), it is a dream of the future. And to realize that dream we must, first learn what our duties are, in the sphere in which we were placed; and, secondly, we must perform those duties to the best of our ability. Dear reader, if you fulfil these two precepts—rest assured that when your life fades away, like the northern streamers, it will be for you the dawn, the day-time of an existence upon the eternal sky of which the sun shall be fixed, lasting, brilliant and undying.

\* \* \* \*

“As a citizen of this country, of the world, what are the duties I have to learn and to perform?” You may ask this pertinent question. They are different according to the circumstances of your position in the world, your vocation, your ties. But I will point them out in a general manner and leave to others, or to your own good sense to fill the details.

Your duties are five-fold: 1st, towards God; 2nd, towards yourself; 3rd, towards your family; 4th, towards society; and 5th, towards humanity at large. The citizen owes first of all a duty to God—to serve, love and obey Him, and in so doing he is ennobling himself and edifying his fellow-beings. To serve and love and obey the commandments of the One who gave him the *golden* gift of Creation, who presented him the *myrrh* of Redemption's Sacrifice, who offers him daily the *frankincense* of the eternal prayers of His Holy Church.

Such duty when performed towards God, at once reflects upon the person himself and he necessarily fulfils that great duty, which is second, and which he owes himself. That duty consists in the proper use of all those innumerable means, which God has given man, to enable him to act according to His laws in this world, and to enjoy an eternal happiness in the world to come.

This duty which a citizen owes himself broadens out into the duty he owes his family. Man is not created to live alone.

In the eternal order of things we find that he must necessarily hold communion with his fellow-men. Suppose a man cast out upon a frail plank on the ocean, or parched upon the sands of the Sahara; even at the moment when life is ebbing, and all hope is gone, his mind flies to some dear one left at home, or memory conjures up the scenes of his affections, and old associates flit around him. And even when the last breath is drawn, and the soul goes forth, it is to continue that communion, for it merely joins those spirits that had precedence in the flight. Thus by ties is man bound to man, and no Alexandrian sword was ever forged that could sever the Gordian knot that binds the citizen to his family, his community; no human power can dispense him from performing the duty he owes to that family.

Then comes the citizen's duty towards society. Society is merely an enlargement of the family; it is the aggregate of families. And duties well performed towards the family reflect upon the whole social sphere in which he lives. And in strictly performing those duties he proves himself a worthy member of the great human family, that from the dawn of

creation till the fiery night that will precede the judgment-day extended, extends and will ever extend its millions of branches, which come ever and always from the same trunk and the same root.

He that knows the value of his high privileges and who fulfils his duties properly is an ornament to humanity, a help to society, a benefactor of his family, a friend to himself, and an object of God's love. If all our citizens would only learn their duties and then act accordingly, we would soon see our country rising to her rightful position amongst the nations. "becoming a home of good principles, a shrine of the civilization of the gospel," with the marks of God's pleasure and grace stamping her radiant brow. And, individually, in the infinite glitter of the next world's undying day, the designs of the Almighty would be accomplished, and the creature return to the bosom of its Creator—the fleeting, changing, baseless *Aurora Borealis* of life having vanished, the substantial, vivifying and unfading sun of a glorious existence will shoot its rays down the endless cycles of the *Yet to Be!*

J. K. FORAN.

Ottawa, 1st June, 1891.

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*A FRENCH EPIGRAM.*

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Said a Don to a Dunce as they happened to meet:

"Pray! how dare you '*hem*'? as I pass on the street?"

The Dunce's reply is an epigram gem:

"Sir! how dare you pass when it suits me to *hem*!"

W.

## PHYSICS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## DEVELOPMENT AND APPLICATION OF HEAT.



WHAT in this progressive century the deepest attention has been paid to natural science, an attention which has been rewarded with many most useful discoveries, there are none so prejudiced as to deny. Chemistry, astronomy, and especially physics, have been developed from vague and loosely defined theories, until now they are regarded as noble sciences, as essential to an educated man as a knowledge of philosophy and literature. True, they were not altogether unknown to past ages. Indeed, on the contrary, we must admit that they were the objects of deep study to the greatest intellects of all time, and that considerable truth has been discovered, especially in astronomy and chemistry; but we may safely affirm that it has been the proud privilege of our century to develop and make practical application of this truth.

To prove that these remarks hold good, especially as regards physics, will be the object of this paper. It is to the discovery of the correct theories in the various branches of this science that we are indebted, not only to our extensive knowledge of the causes of most natural phenomena, but also for many most useful and practical inventions designed to facilitate labor and increase the material comfort and prosperity of man. In illustration, volumes might be written on the development and application of the theories of gravitation, sound, light, and electricity, but a brief discussion of heat will suffice for our purpose.

From the very commencement of scientific research, scientists have been divided on the two great rival hypotheses which had been advanced as explanatory of the heat,—one maintaining it to be a subtle, imponderable fluid, or as Ganot calls it, "heat atmosphere," penetrating between the molecules of all matter, in the same way as air or water penetrates any porous sub-

stance; the other claiming that it consists in a rapid oscillatory motion of molecules, the vibrations being of greater amplitude and velocity in proportion to the greater heat of a body. This theory also requires an imponderable fluid or ether, which set in motion by the vibration of the molecules of a hot body, communicates its motion to those of a cool one. It is evident that the first theory, technically called that of emission, holds that heat is matter, namely, this imponderable fluid, the imponderability of which must be maintained, as experiment proves that the gain or loss of heat neither increases nor decreases the weight of a substance. On the contrary, the other hypothesis, that of undulation, claims that heat is but a state of matter. The undulatory theory is now almost universally accepted by physicists, as it not only explains many phenomena altogether inexplicable by the first hypothesis, but also from the fact of its being a form of motion, shows a striking analogy to the unmistakably true theories of sound and light. This in itself is almost convincing to an ordinary mind, but scientists are never satisfied but with experimental verifications.

Toward the close of the last century, one of these theories was apparently as troublesome as the other, for both were merely speculative. Count Rumford, an Englishman in the service of Bavaria, was one of the first to experiment in this branch of physics, his first attempt being so successful as to furnish the foundation for the complete overthrow of the emissive theory. While superintending the construction of some cannon in 1797-8, he noticed the great amount of heat produced in the process of boring the metal. Since, according to the tenets of the emissive theory, heat is matter, the heat thus excited by friction was originally in the metal, but was forced out of the powder produced by the boring. Therefore, if this were true, this powder should have much less heat than an equal weight of the solid metal. However, the contrary was showed by experiments which

consisted in melting a certain weight of the powder produced by boring, and comparing the amount of heat required to do so, with that necessary to melt an equal weight of the solid substance. As the same quantity of heat was required for each operation, the experiment conclusively proved that the great heat excited by friction had not been forced from the powder, but was really brought into existence.

One year later, in 1799, Sir Humphry Davy settled all rational doubt on the question by his celebrated experiment with ice. By an ingenious mechanical device, he arranged two pieces of ice in a vacuum, in such a way that they might be rapidly rubbed together. Though there was no means by which any exterior heat could be communicated to the ice, the result of the friction was that the ice was partly converted into water. Here also if the ice possessed heat, which was forced out by the friction, the water should have less heat than an equal quantity of ice. But experiment shows that water has not less heat than ice, but rather has more, for it takes less to raise water to a certain temperature than ice. Therefore, an absolute quantity of heat must be added to the ice during friction to produce water, a conclusion which plainly proves that heat is not matter. It is perhaps worthy of note that neither Rumford nor Davy drew the correct conclusions from their experiments, on account of a false test then in vogue for measuring the quantity of heat in a body. However, as soon as this was improved, the correct conclusions became evident to all. Still another incontestable proof of the truth of the undulatory theory is the fact that it is the only way in which the interference of heat can be explained. Experiment shows that when heat vibrations are half a wave-length apart, the result is that they neutralize each other, and instead of heat produce cold. The emissive theory which claims that heat is matter, does not even attempt to explain this. Also, it had long been known that light was a species of motion, and consequently when Melloni, a distinguished Italian scientist, who lived from 1798 to 1854, discovered that many phenomena of heat and light were explained in the same manner, he did much to overthrow the idea that heat was material. His ex-

periments, especially in regard to radiant heat, were most laborious and displayed the greatest ingenuity. In order to discover the nature of invisible heat rays, that is of those emanating from bodies below incandescence, he just had to make use of the recently invented thermomultiplier, an instrument by means of which the obscure rays which radiate from bodies of all temperatures may be experimented upon as easily as luminous rays. It has been demonstrated that the auditory nerve is not affected by the vibrations of the air above and below a certain rate, for it can catch and transmit to the brain only vibrations of a certain periodicity. In like manner, the optic nerve is altogether insensible to a great number of wave lengths, apprehending only those belonging to the visible spectrum, that is those which are faster than the red and slower than the violet. Now, knowing that light is motion, and that non-luminous bodies give off heat, Melloni, by means of his ingenious thermo-multiplier, was able to detect after Sir W. Herschel, and to study at length the nature of rays which exist above and below the spectrum, thus fully demonstrating that heat is analogous to light, and consequently is motion, not matter.

Notwithstanding these strong arguments, so firmly was it rooted in the minds of many that heat was or ought to be a substance that they refused to admit the contrary, until in 1840 Joule added the keystone to the arch of argument in favor of the undulatory theory, whose foundation was laid by Rumford and Davy nearly half a century before. After almost nine years of constant experimenting, this enthusiastic scientist discovered what he calls his mechanical or dynamical equivalent of heat. This consisted in finding the amount of work or motion necessary to generate a certain quantity of heat. His last and most successful experiment in this regard was the stirring of water by a paddle, and then ascertaining the quantity of work required to raise in this manner one pound of water in vacuum through one degree of temperature. Though long and arduous, this experiment proved most satisfactory, as was evidenced by the fact that when repeated forty years later with numerous precautions, an error of only one-twentieth per cent. was discovered. The numerical value of this experiment which will raise



one pound of distilled water through one degree centigrade, will raise a weight of thirteen hundred and ninety-three pounds through a height of one foot. The conclusion drawn by Joule from his observation, was that "heat and mechanical energy are mutually convertible, and heat requires for its production, and produces by its disappearance, mechanical energy in the ratio of thirteen hundred and ninety-three pounds for every thermal unit." This is incontestable and leaves the few supporters of the emissive hypothesis without an argument.

Although it is now admitted by all that the true nature of heat has been discovered, there yet remains ample room for further speculation and observation. Rankin and Sir W. Thompson have already shown that there exists mutual convertibility between heat and many other forms of energy, and maintain with reason, that, in the present state of the universe, there exists a predominating tendency toward the conversion of all forms of physical energy into heat. Consequently, since heat tends to uniformly diffuse itself by conduction and radiation, it is easy to comprehend that a time is coming when all matter shall have acquired the same temperature, and hence we shall see an end to all physical phenomena. Speculative as this now appears, it is undoubtedly based on good experimental data, and opens a vast, almost unlimited field to the physicist of the future.

We, of the nineteenth century, may well feel proud of the remarkable achievements of our physicists. Through their discoveries concerning the nature of heat, and their patient and accurate researches into the causes of all its phenomena, man has been enabled to conquer and control those two mighty and opposing elements, fire and water, and by uniting them produce steam, one of the mightiest forces known to nature. The idea that this power could be made subject to the will of man had been entertained centuries before, mention being made of a machine of Hero of Alexandria, about 130 B.C. No further progress was made until the seventeenth century, when the Italians, French and English began experimenting, but without much success until after the invention of the piston and cylinder by Hautefeuille, though at first the piston was acted upon by powder rather than steam. In 1711, Newcomen

invented the first successful steam engine, used for pumping mines. In this engine the steam was condensed in the cylinder itself by a jet of cold water, thus causing an immense loss of heat and steam, and requiring so much fuel as to make the machine too expensive to be practical. Fifty years later, Watt saw that in order to remedy this, it was necessary to maintain the cylinder as hot as the steam which entered it, and to do so invented a vessel communicating with the cylinder, into which the steam could escape and be condensed. As a further precaution, he added the steam-jacket, a device of non-conducting material enclosing a steam box around the cylinder. This made steam-works much more economical, especially when, twenty years later, he invented the double acting cylinder, that is an alternate application of steam on each side of the piston. From this time forward, constant experiment produced several improvements, though a really economical engine was not constructed until the Cornish was patented in 1814. In the first year of the present century, Evans and Trevithick brought out the high-pressure and non-condensing engines, and began to apply them in the form of locomotives, the first successful one being produced in 1804. Two years previous, Simmington built a steamboat on the Clyde, which, though not very successful, opened the way for Fulton's famous trip from New York to Albany, in 1807.

The cause of the slow and imperfect progress in the application of steam, was undoubtedly the ignorance of the early inventors concerning the nature of heat. Watt was enabled to do better than his predecessors, because in his time Black's theory of latent heat was well known, but still, he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing that there was a real relation between work and heat. The theory of the steam-engine as an application of heat was not known until 1824, when Carnot, of France, proved that heat can do work only by being let down from a higher to a lower temperature, and even he was unaware that any heat disappeared in this operation until after Youle celebrated experiments in the middle of the present century. Since then progress has been most rapid, enabling even the old Cornish engine to perform six times as

much work for the same amount of coal.

The work of these scientists and of the inventors who applied the principles discovered by them, has undoubtedly done more for civilization than any other movement known to history, with the single exception of the eternal Church founded by Christ. The locomotive and steamship enable us to traverse in an incredibly short time, distances which not long ago took months, even years, and places once altogether inaccessible. Journeys, which but a century ago were undertaken with every danger of loss of life and property, may now be made even by invalids, with every comfort of home. The advantages to commence are altogether beyond calculation, nations separated by seas being enabled to communicate as easily as if they were adjacent. The introduction of steam into manufacturing has caused factories to spring up all over the world, affording occupation and comfort to thousands, who, otherwise would be forced to produce as best they could, all their necessities by their own labor.

As has been already said, it has been one of the objects of this paper to prove that the development and application of the true theory of heat has been due to the labors of the scientists and inventors of the nineteenth century. It has been

shown that though investigation in this department began long before, the first important results were discovered by Rumford and Davy, only a few years before the commencement of our century, and both these scientists have lived after the year 1800, while Joule, Carnot, Melloni, Tyndall and others, only began their researches long after our age had commenced. The same may be said concerning those who devoted their energies to the application of heat. True, the work was begun ages ago, but until the time of Watt, near the close of the last century, no important results had been attained. Undoubtedly, to this inventor belongs the glory of first displaying to the world the possibilities of steam, but until after the application of the theoretical researches of later investigators, sons of the nineteenth century, no really definite benefit had been conferred on humanity.

Nevertheless, while we pride ourselves, and justly so, in the scientific achievements of our age, we must not close our eyes to the fact that the field of science reaches far beyond the small corner explored by modern students; that the work of our generation will be speedily eclipsed by that of the next, and so on until the mortal knowledge of man has reached its ultimate boundary.

JAS. P. COLLINS, '92.

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As the best eye discerneth nought,  
 Except the sunbeam in the air do shine,  
 So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,  
 Sees not herself without some light divine.

—*Darjes.*

*THE BROKEN VASE.**(From the French of Sully Prudhomme.)*

HE vase wherein withers this flower  
 By the stroke of a fan was riven,  
 The skimming blow had little power,  
 For no answering sound was given.

But the fracture, disregarded, slight,  
 Cutting into the crystal slowly,  
 With a sure and grim invisible might  
 Has at last encircled it wholly.

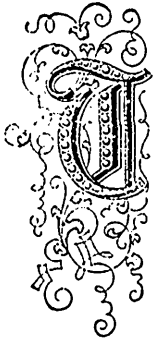
The water is sunken and life is fled  
 From the flower, but still no token  
 Yet tells of the lethal wound that bled,—  
 Do not touch it—it is broken.

So, often the faithless hand we love  
 With a touch wrings the heart flame-lighted  
 Then tears it like a worthless glove,—  
 And the flower of its joy is blighted.

Still intact to the world it seems,  
 The fine breach with no outward token,  
 But woe and waste bedim its gleams—  
 Do not touch it—it is broken.

W.

## CATHOLIC CANADA.



THE heading of this article is in no way deceptive, consequently those friends of ours, who, through their exchange columns have proclaimed against the appearance of religious articles in a journal of this kind, will find THE OWL once more astray. No apology is offered if the above title wound their feelings, but if they be at all reasonable, the article itself will not. Circumstances may permit the remark, however, that if we Catholics were over sensitive, we were recently given not one, but a score of opportunities to measure the fineness of our feelings. And this brings me to what I wish to say, a few words, in a quiet, kindly way, about a religious agitation that a few months ago sprang up in this province. It is regrettable that on the occasion referred to, politicians thought it advisable to dress up political issues in a religious garb. The disturbance has subsided, as was natural, and the so-called Equal Rights organizations have completely collapsed.

Every one conversant with public affairs in this country knows what a cry of indignation was raised on the passage of the Jesuits' Estates Act in Quebec, and the refusal of the Dominion Government to veto the measure. It is peculiar, but not surprising, that the rage was confined almost entirely to Ontario, though not at all the business of this province. The howl once raised was caught up in every city and town, and re-echoed from the remotest hamlets, and from denouncing the already wronged Jesuits, the untimely agitators rushed on the warpath with many unkind words about Catholics in general, and even the far away, but apparently much feared, Pope Leo. It was thought a glorious opportunity, and politicians lost no time in weaving a many-colored political campaign fabric. Catholic aggression and the evils to the country of Separate Schools received marked attention on many a hustings, but a sensible

and well-informed people decided at the polls the value of the vaunted political wares. The champions of anti-Catholicism, fanatics of the "this-time-or-never" stamp, misjudged their countrymen of non-Catholic persuasion, and received from them a severe political castigation, that will probably serve for a generation at least.

It would be to no purpose to recall the unkind, and already forgiven, statements that were made against us, but it cannot be amiss to recall the position of Catholics in this country, and their titles to equal rights with their fellow-citizens. These rights we fully enjoy in most of the provinces, and have no cause for complaint of their violation. This remark is made pending the judgment of the Supreme Court on the Manitoba School Act, which is the only success of the late fanatical crusade.

Very likely, it will be unpleasant to some people if I say that Canada is, in the main, a Catholic country, and that the Catholics as citizens have not their superiors. But such is a declaration of the truth. Not knowing the worth of the gloried title, Catholic, such persons would deny it to her, though loving their country well. And yet, Canada has more than one just claim to this appellation and a place among the most faithful daughters of the Church. This wide Dominion, evolved from a few scattered colonies on the shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, was Catholic in its settlement. But is not the same true of nearly all our continent? The great discoverer of this western world was a fervent and devout son of the Catholic Church. And to spread her influence and blessings was one of the motives that urged him, under God's guidance, to venture on unknown seas, and finding a new land he planted here the Standard of the Cross, the emblem of Catholic Faith. Beneath that saving tree the holy man knelt with his overjoyed companions, and from their Catholic hearts gushed forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving in the words of the Catholic Te Deum. At that time the

Christian world was still Catholic, the father of the modern doctrines was yet an innocent child. Before the religious revolution convulsed the states of Europe, the Catholic Church had become a permanent institution in America. To the north, and the west, and the south, she rapidly extended, and for losses in the old she was compensated by gains in the new world, acquiring lands that to-day are almost entirely Catholic. To our own northern country came the French explorers and settlers, who succeeded after many trials in establishing their colonies within a century after the great discovery. Catholic men and women, they brought with them their faith and their priests, not to minister to their spiritual wants alone, but to teach and civilize the poor savage. The history of the French missionaries is familiar to every one, a history of lives marked by heroic acts of devotion and self-sacrifice, and often terminated by a glorious martyrdom. Many of them were Jesuits whose brothers in religion were lately made the object of attack. The seed of Catholic faith was sown in the country, was well cultivated, and continued to flourish for about one hundred years in Acadia, and one hundred and fifty in old Canada, before the arrival of settlers professing a different belief. With the installation of Bishop Laval at the Ancient Capital, the hierarchy was formally established, afterwards to branch out to its present proportions. The Catholic Church is perfectly at home in Canada; she is here by right of establishment prior to that of any other. When it is added that she is here by the will of nearly half the total population, who, furthermore, believe her the only true Church of Christ, in fact the only Church, to proclaim her an alien institution will not carry much weight with Catholics, or indeed with anyone acquainted with the subject. Originally Canada was wholly a Catholic country, and as years have rolled by down to the present, the Church has suffered no loss by which our country's claim has been forfeited.

The progress of the Church is inseparably bound up in the history of the country. The one is an index of the other. From small beginnings on the banks of the St. Lawrence, she has advanced with the times, meeting with difficulties and ever conquering, and is now,

as she should be, an independent institution in the land. Far more numerous and important than any single denomination, Catholics are to be met, faithful and well-doing, in nearly every locality from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Go where you may in the populated districts, you cannot be far from a Catholic church. One Cardinal, about thirty Archbishops and Bishops, with over two thousand three hundred priests are her laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Her members number over two millions, and probably not far short of half the total population. Religious houses, charitable and industrial, convents of devoted sisters, and educational institutions from primary schools to universities, are quietly doing a work that gives assurance of a continued development of Catholicism in our Dominion. This is true not only of the older provinces, but in general of the remote districts and territories now being opened up to the world. In our great North-West, a rugged and uninviting country in parts, there is scarcely an inhabited spot not visited by a missionary bishop or priest, and marked by the erection of a cross. Among the ignorant tribes of Indians, our devoted priests are laboring, and their success we can estimate by recent slanders coming from disappointed and jealous preachers. Not long ago acquired by the Dominion, it was previously the field of the Catholic missionary, who did not wait for the aid of modern conveniences to begin his labor of love. The traveller or settler now finds wherever he goes, that the priest or bishop, and even the devoted sisters, are there before him.

Catholics can say with sufficient warrant that the Church in this country is built on a firm foundation. To borrow an idea from a contemporary, she is here, not on sufferance, but by undeniable right, and to stay; and so say we all, and she cannot be removed, be the efforts what they may. Persecutions may come, they are never unexpected, they may restrict her power and influence for a time, but it will be always the same old story, persecution will but strengthen the persecuted and defeat the ends of the persecutors. This is a free country, and Catholics are free citizens, and in too large a number to be easily dealt with unjustly. Moreover, Catholics and non-

Catholics as a rule live harmoniously together, in mutual esteem, and would not readily court a straining of relations. A long continuance of the present condition at least is devoutly to be wished.

During the late Provincial contest, it was a notable contention of the unscrupulous agitators, in districts where Catholics are less numerous, that Catholics cannot be good citizens, and that on account of the dogmas of their religion. Consequently, Separate Schools whose object it is to preserve Catholicism, are an evil in the land, and must be abolished, and ecclesiastical aggression be thereby impeded. The assertion is directly opposed to the truth; our contention is that Catholics who are faithful to their religion are the best class of citizens, and that by virtue of Catholicism. No one denies that there are some Catholics who are not a credit to their creed, but that is due to their non-compliance with its teachings. It is not here intended to insinuate, that because a man be not a Catholic he cannot be a good citizen, that would be absurd; the sole aim of the writer is to point out what Catholicism does for its children.

People outside the Church entertain strange notions of what Catholicism really is. They do not take the trouble to find out, but form their ideas upon something they may have seen or heard, but have not understood, or draw them from fancy, or as a rule they receive them through traditional prejudice. For the benefit of these people, it is sufficient to say that the object of Catholic worship is God, whom we try to love and serve after the manner taught the Apostles by our holy Redeemer, and from whom we hope to receive salvation through the merits of the same Redeemer. Attainment of eternal life will depend upon correspondence with God's grace, the fulfilment of His commands, and the proper use of the means placed at our disposal. Man alone of earthly beings is created for this eternal life, and God has made him a social being, willing that one individual should aid the other. Thus it is that we are grouped together in the grand brotherhood of Man comprising societies or nations, each having various characteristics, but yet all one. This banding together implies the obligation of uniting our efforts in the promotion of the com-

mon welfare, which is in turn a means to the end of our creation. To procure this necessary union of individual efforts, governments have been established. Every man is therefore a member of two grand societies, of the spiritual, the Church, which deals directly with his eternal welfare, and of the secular, the State, established to procure his temporal good. Each is a perfect society, independent in its own sphere, with this limitation, however, that on account of her more important and sublime office, the Church must receive the submission of the State in cases where a question of salvation arises. As things spiritual and eternal are superior to things secular and temporal, so is the Church superior to the State. Though not necessarily united, they can, and do, powerfully aid each other. The Catholic Church, accordingly, recognizes that her members, as citizens of any country, owe some obligations to the civil power, and these she embodies in her doctrine and imposes on the faithful. One day our Divine Lord held up a coin to the people gathered about Him and asked, "Whose image and inscription is this?" They said Cesar's. He then replied, "Render therefore to Cesar the things that are Cesar's; and to God, the things that are God's." Here was the command to perform the duties that are owed to Cesar—typical of the State—as well as those due directly to God. There can be no clashing of duties, if religion be given its proper place in life, and this is what the Church strives to accomplish. God and country are the objects of her solicitude. In the words of St. Paul, she imposes on her children, under pain of sin, the obligation of obedience to the civil power (in legitimate matters), and exhorts them to pray "for all who are in high stations, that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life." She inspires her sons with a love of God, and a love of country, a noble patriotism that will make them obedient, solicitous for her best interests, even at the cost of self-sacrifice, and ever ready to defend her rights. She wishes them to be good citizens, knowing well that indifferent or bad citizens of the State cannot by any means be good members of the Church and faithful servants of God.

And it is especially in free countries like Canada and the United States that

the Church exercises a powerful influence over her members' citizenship. We have in this country a democratic system of government, not in name may be, but in reality. Such a government, to be a success, requires in the people the possession of a free-will and the practice of virtue. It is to be remarked that the Catholic Church alone, barring any recent recovery from error by the sects, teaches that Man is absolutely free to do good or evil, and that he is capable of performing acts of virtue. The liberty of a Catholic is limited by the Divine Will only, whose ordinances preserve freedom but forbid license. As to the other requisite, the Church has never been attacked for being too lax in exacting the practice of virtue, but too severe. In her view of the relations between religion and politics, of the nature of Man, and exactions from her members, the Catholic Church is clearly the staunchest supporter of the popular form of government. Canadians prize so highly, though in fact she is the same towards every species of good government. The assailants of our citizenship are not so favored by their religion, which denies the existence of free-will and the possibility of virtue in Man. So indeed said all the Reformers. It is pleasing to know, however, that these people do not practise this particular article of belief, for, if they did, with them, responsible government and all its free institutions would be impossible. They are better than their religion.

The Church imposes on the faithful the great precept of charity taught by Christ, which is the love of God and the love of fellow men for God. This charity is the source of every noble action, from the patient endurance of personal wrongs or trials for the public good, or a conscientious vote at the poll, to heroic deeds of valor. No doubt, there are in every country many who simply mind their own affairs, never give trouble to any one, but are totally indifferent to all else. These men may not be termed bad citizens, but they have no claim to the opposite title, and occasions may arise when their selfishness and indifference may be the cause of evil to their country. Not so with Catholics who practise faithfully their religion.

From the beginning of Christianity to the present, unexcelled devotion to fatherland has been characteristic of Catholics

of all classes and conditions. The pages of the martyrs' lives and deaths show many an example of this Christian virtue. Were not multitudes of them Imperial Rome's most trusty soldiers, most staunch defenders, and men high up in civil offices? As patriots there could be none more noble, as Christians, none more devoted. And coming down through succeeding ages, is not history replete with instances of the wisest kings and rulers, of soldiers and statesmen, being characterized by some peculiar religious devotion? On the other hand, we know well what kind of men have been those, who have brought evil upon their country. What braver men than the Crusaders were ever banded together? They were not fanatics, and no matter what individual irregularities may have clouded the glory of their enterprise, their grand object was to break the power of the aggressive Turks, who were threatening the West. This they did, and saved Europe from barbarism and destruction. They were men who loved God and their country, and, remark, they were Catholics acting in obedience to the Church. No stronger argument can be desired than that afforded by the Catholics of England under Elizabeth. Though inhumanly oppressed, and deprived of citizenship and all rights, when danger threatened their country, there were found no warmer hearts to respond to the call of duty, nor readier hands to drive off the invader. In their charity and love of fatherland they could forget their own wrongs, and join their oppressors against the common foe. There is no need to multiply cases, it was the same in every land; Catholic devotion is the history of the Christian world for fifteen centuries, and of Catholicism for nineteen.

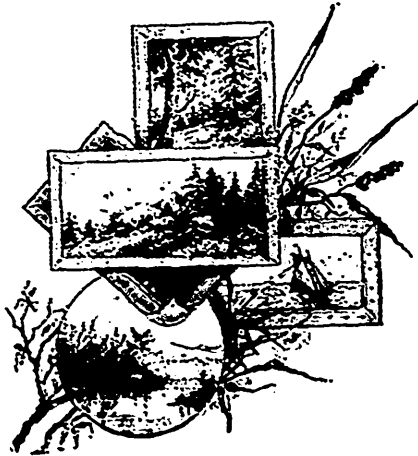
Catholics step aside for no one in loyalty and attachment to country, but true loyalty, not the empty protestation of it. In Canada, we are loyal to England as the head of the Empire, but we are loyal to Canada first. One's country demands his first love, Canada is ours and gets it. Canadian history sparkles with many a gem of Catholic loyalty and heroic devotion. Her pages are adorned with the names of Catholic heroes and statesmen that are our country's pride. Loyalty does not require submission to tyranny and injustice; on the contrary, as they are inimical to progress, it prevents it. None have

been more active than Catholics in the struggle for rights that are now enjoyed by all, in the endeavors to cement the discordant elements of our mixed population, and make our Dominion a happy and prosperous nation. And even to-day, we have our Catholic brethren in the foremost walks of life, laboring in the country's service, raised to positions of trust and dignity as a reward of good citizenship. At the same time, we all know instances of disloyalty in which the erring were not Catholics.

In the face of these plain facts, what Catholics are, what they hold up to themselves to do, and what they have done and are doing all over the world, and in this very country, it is a matter for pity that prominent men should have so lowered themselves as in the recent attack on their countrymen. And in their own actions they proved themselves guilty of what they charged to Catholics. Why preach loyalty, and at the same time descend to feeding the passion of prejudice by trying to stir up troubles that would blast the future of their country? They would deprive Catholics of their Separate Schools, the support of Catholicism, the only safeguard against the spirit of infidelity which is abroad, and which, consistently applied, would over-turn all

government. They are ignorant of this, however, and may be excused. But is it not extreme disloyalty to spread dissension among a people composed of such different races and creeds as is ours? Why reproach Catholics with seeking to introduce a foreign potentate, "the Pope of Rome," when they themselves have insulted their own Sovereign, in the person of her representative among us, because he discharged a particular duty contrary to their desires? They are the same loyal organization whose orators have threatened the Imperial Government with all possible calamities should Home Rule be granted to Ireland. They are brethren of the loyal yeomanry across the ocean, who declared their readiness to "kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne," under similar circumstances. These are loyal people, eminently capable of measuring the breadth and depth of their countrymen's loyalty, and of passing sentence on their citizenship, which they are careful to do annually with pomp and splendor under a sweltering July sun. But Catholics here are not alarmed; they know their neighbors and their own strength; they enjoy their personal rights and constitutional freedom, and will continue to independently use them.

D. R. MACDONALD, '89.





*OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.*

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WEET Mother, Mistress of the Sacred Spring,  
 Whence flow abundant grace and every blessing,  
 To thee our empty hearts we humbly bring,  
 Their parching lips, their burning thirst confessing.

First favor'd, Thou didst sip the gen'rous flow  
 That issued down the side of Calv'ry's mountain,  
 When Pilate's soldier dealt the inhumane blow,  
 Which loos'd the flood-gates of that Sacred Fountain.

To thee, whilst standing, weeping, loving, there,  
 The keys of this unfailing Source were given ;  
 The dying Master made this Fount Thy care ;  
 Thou art its Guardian still, as Queen of heaven.

Dispenser of the riches of that Heart,  
 Whose life is love, whose only aspiration  
 Is one of bounty, let us not depart  
 Without, at least, one drop of consolation !

D. '91.

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.



Carefully selected from various sources and compiled specially for THE OWL.

THE second annual convention of the Catholic Press Association was held last month in New York. Though the attending was larger and more thoroughly representative than at the first convention, it left very much to be desired in both those essential matters. Still, enough of importance attaches to this meeting of Catholic leaders of thought to give their proceeding weight. Many papers relating to journalism were read and commented upon in friendly terms. Decisive action was taken for the incorporation of the Association, and for the establishment of a bureau of foreign correspondence. Mr. Conde B. Pallen of the Church Progress, of St. Louis, was re-elected president of the Association, and the Secretary received a similar honor. According to the American Newspaper Directory, the Catholic newspapers and magazines of the United States rank third in point of number, with 127 publications, being surpassed by the Methodists with 147, and the Evangelical with 188. The Catholic press has the largest subscription list, 755,000, nearly one-fifth of the combined circulation of all; the Evangelical comes next with 603,050. There are three anti-Catholic papers whose combined circulation falls greatly short of 10,000. Bigotry is evidently at a discount in the Great Republic. While pleased with the work done at the Convention of Catholic Editors, I am not entirely satisfied. Somebody should have made a motion to the effect that it is right and proper to give compensation to worthy contributions. A press with a gigantic subscription list should afford to be generous, or at least honest. If an article is good enough to be printed it should command its price. We have heard too much about subscribers not paying the publisher, and we now wish to hear something about the other side of the story; for the story has another side. Rest assured, gentlemen of the press, little of real value

can be had in this world without compensation.

I like to walk in a church-yard with Thomas Gray, the poet of the deathless *Elegy*, the terrible hymn of death. In fact, with or without the bard of Cornhill, I experience a strange delight in wandering amid the streets of the myriad citizens who have "gone before" to the silent world of utter dissolution. They are so still and solemn with none to criticise, none to find fault. Yet, I like to fancy Thomas Gray amid far different surroundings; because I love the man and his poetry. It is pleasant to think of Gray reclining in the blue parlor over the supper-room at Strawberry Hill, turning over prints with Horace Walpole, and glancing down the garden to the Thames that flashed in silver behind the syringas and honeysuckles; or seated, with a little touch of sententious gravity, in the library, chiding Chute and their host for their frivolous taste in heraldry, or incited by the dark panels and the old brass-grate to chat of architecture and decoration, and the new discovered mysteries of Gothic. It is, perhaps, pleasanter still to think of him dreaming in the garden of Stoke Pogis, or chatting over a dish of tea with his "old aunts," as he called his mother and his aunt collectively, or strolling, with a book in his hand, along the southward ridge of meadows, to pay Lady Cobham a state'y call, or flirt a little with Miss Harriet Speed. And after we have thus followed him in all his foot-steps for a little time, can we resist reading his magnificent verses? I hope we cannot. His message to mankind is high and wholesome. Do not shun it because it is poetry. Remember one-half of our literature, and the most condensed, ornate and valuable half, is written in the diction of poetry. Poetry is nothing but the short-hand of speech, the pressed-hay of harvested thought.

A melancholy author went to Dumas and moaned that if he did not raise three hundred francs, he was afraid he would have to charcoal-smoke himself and his

two children. Dumas rummaged his coffers at once, but not with complete success, as he could only find two hundred francs. "But I must have three, or I and the little ones are lost," said the author. "Suppose you only suffocate yourself and one of them, then," said Dumas.

William Dean Howells pronounces the realistic novel more poetic than the romantic, because of its simplicity and usefulness. He ranks Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Miss Sarah O. Jewett and Mr. George Parsons Lathrop among the first of the realists. He professes to believe that the American short story, the "prose sonnet," is the best in the world, and that we have become a nation of rare story-tellers. Opposed to this view of realistic literature is the opinion of no less an authority than Mr. William H. Mallock, author of "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century." Of Zola's work, Mr. Mallock says: "The work of a real artist compared with M. Zola's description of life, is as the shipwreck, by Byron, in 'Don Juan,' and a shipwreck by M. Zola, which only describes the retching of the sea-sick passengers and analyses of the contents of the steward's basins." This language is plain—very plain—but it is not exaggerated. I think, and have ever thought, that this interminable controversy over the relative worth and fidelity of the two systems is chiefly owing to an almost total misapprehension of terms. A realist will tell you that his system is the best because it was produced by one of the grandest faculties of man, observation. But surely imagination is, to say the least, as noble in its essence and uses as observation. The system of the romancist is broad-based on observation and imagination. What his eye beholds, his fancy decorates. And after a conception has passed through both operations, it loses as little of its fidelity as the chiselled palace upon which the sunshine beats and which it burnishes.

Archbishop Farrar, writing in the *Forum* on the 'Mistakes of Great Critics,' says: "When Mr. Browning published his first poem, 'Pauline,' some critic or other called him 'verbose.' Unfortunately—as he has told us—he paid too much attention to the remark, and in his desire

to use no superfluous word, studied an elliptic concentration of style which told fatally against the ready intelligibility of 'Sordello' and other later poems. Of this production Tennyson is reported to have said: 'I can understand but two lines in 'Sordello,' the first and the last; and neither of them is true.' This verdict is extreme. Browning is like a gold mine, his ore lies deep down; but it is of such surpassing quality as to repay whatever effort may be spent in the search. Browning is a much deeper, more manly, and more subtle thinker than Tennyson. The poet laureate, it seems to some, cherishes an overweening conceit of his own work.

John Greenleaf Whittier has attended the little Friends' church in Amesbury, Mass., where he has lived for a period of fifty years, but has never been known to "speak in meeting." It is doubtful if he has ever screwed his courage up to the point of speaking in public. Mr. Whittier was never at college, and consequently is not called upon to relate his experience at a "football dinner" in his University. He always puts himself in the background on public occasions, and can never be prevailed upon to read one of his own productions before an audience. It would perhaps not be correct to call the author of 'Mog Meggon' and 'The Dream of Pio Nono' a great man, but he owns one attribute of true greatness—modesty. I think it was Matthew Arnold who said that great men are modest because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with the idea of the perfect which they have before their mind.

Stanley says that, one day, while conversing with a friendly tribe during his recent travels, one of the chiefs present inquired how many wives he possessed. Upon Stanley innocently replying he had none, all those present stood up and unanimously exclaimed, "What a splendid liar!" The latest volume of the great traveller, 'In Darkest Africa,' is in many ways the best literary work he has yet produced. Its chapter descriptive of a tropical forest is a marvel of power and coloring.

Professor T. N. Crouch, composer of the music of 'Cathleen Mavourneen,' is nearly ninety years of age, but was able

to march in the procession at the unveiling of the Lee monument. He is an Englishman. That excellent literary and general newspaper, the *Boston Pilot*, raises the question: Who wrote the words of 'Kathleen Mavourneen'? The consensus of opinion evoked by this important query favored Mrs. Crawford, in her day the accomplished wife of a Dublin barrister, as the author of the deathless lyric. Mr. Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., no mean authority on Irish songs, writes to the *Pilot* in support of Mrs. Crawford's claim, and quotes from ancient documents.

Hall Caine is of opinion that the six following English novels will compare favorably with a like number in any language: 'Daniel Dorendo,' 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' 'Lorna Doone,' 'The Woman in White,' 'The Ordeal of Richard Ferval,' and 'Far from the Maddening Crowd.' I am not aware what standard of comparison Mr. Caine uses, but I do know that many works in this list are beyond all praise, considered as models of fiction. It is not always easy to appraise a novel with entire justice.

Mr. Gladstone holds that in considering the value of novels the proper test to apply is the query: "Which novel will best bear reading and re-reading?" He agrees with Wilkie Collins in thinking Scott the first novelist of the century. 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is Gladstone's favorite, and he reads it every three or four years. George Elliot, he thinks, comes next to Scott, her masterpiece being 'Silas Marner.' George

Elliot is not a favorite of mine, but I like her 'Silas Marner'—the story is so brief!

William Morris, the poet, and Belfort Bax are just about to issue a complete history of Socialism, from its earliest historic and economic developments down to the latest times. The authors deal with a subject little understood by English-speaking people. Socialism admits of as many different classifications as consumption. The Socialism of the French Revolution is quite different from the Christian Socialism of DeLamennais. The grim system proposed by Babeuf differed from the poetic arrangement of Fourier and the strange statistical plan of Carl Marx, while none of the three holds much in common with the projects of Ferdinand Lassalle or the roseate dream of Edward Bellamy. If Mr. William Morris and his companion would only do for all the Socialists what Professor T. Ely has done for the Socialists of Europe, that is, tell us just what we desire to know about them and their schemes, the forthcoming volume will be one of the most instructive works of our times.

Among Canadian journals, *The Week* of Toronto, I think, has the best claim to the title of our national literary newspaper. We may disagree with *The Week*, but none can deny its excellence. Its tone is Canadian and pure, like the splendid poems of Archibald Lampman. It is evident the editor does not turn up his trousers when it rains in London, and I admire him for his patriotic independence.



# = The Owl. =

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THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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## A PARTING WORD.

In no spirit of blind obedience to time-honoured custom, and without even the slightest intention of being pathetic, the OWL pulls a quill from its left wing, moistens the tip in a bottle of Carter's solution, and proceeds to formulate an address to its shadowy audience. The OWL wishes to say something because it has something to say. The OWL feels that it has been a success; in the first place it has an innate consciousness of this fact; in the second, its friends have been unanimous in asserting it, and the Owl is not of those who wish to be saved from their friends. After turning its visional orbs inward and completing a thorough psychological analysis of its feelings, the Owl has no hesitation

in making the following remarks. A large factor in its success has been the uniform sympathy and encouragement of the University Faculty. There have been no unkind words, no chilly receptions, no restrictive legislation, to cause the bird to bow its weary head on its feathery breast in mute remonstrance of man's inhumanity.

Of the Faculty representatives on the staff, it would be impossible to speak in too flattering terms. Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., has the marvelous gift of keeping the liabilities of a business concern well within the resources; hence no disturbing visions of heavy deficits and howling creditors have troubled the quiet dreams of the Business Manager. Rev. L. A. Nolin, O.M.I., is the right man in the right place. If anything better than that can be said, the OWL wishes to say it. His energy is remarkable, the correctness of his literary taste indisputable, and his enthusiasm, contagious. To acknowledge its indebtedness and mark its gratitude, the OWL extends its honest claw.

Others too, alumni as well as students, have aided largely in the year's work by splendid contributions, both financial and literary. Just here, however, there is room for complaint. It is astonishing how quickly graduates forget the profuse protestations of their last months of college life. Undying affection for their Alma Mater, keen sympathy with all her interests, substantial support in all her undertakings—such were their vows. But alas for the frailty of human promises. Scarce a year has passed and the boasted attachment to Alma Mater cannot stand the shock of an invitation to subscribe to the college journal. There is no sort of obligation on those who have left college to furnish literary matter to the publication representing the institution in which they were educated, though, of course, appropriate articles should at all times be heartily welcomed; but surely the least every alumnus can do is to keep upon file the receipt for his subscription paid up to date.

The same complaint holds for the actual students; there are too many who read their neighbor's Owl.—or read none at all. A student who has so little public spirit about him as to refuse or neglect to subscribe to his college paper is not destined to play any great part in the world's history. It will be difficult for him to find a sphere narrow enough for his future operations; he will never feel at ease among liberal-minded men.

The Owl trusts that these defects, trifling, it is true, in comparison of the general progress, but none the less regrettable, will be speedily and effectually remedied. Thus immediate action will be ensured on some most important questions that have already been debated in Cabinet Council, and that will be foreshadowed in the speech from the Perch in the September issue—the first of Volume V.

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#### *FESTINA LENTE.*

Ours is an age of energetic action and unparalleled material development, and we are apt to forget that the discovery of a "royal road to geometry" is as far off as it was some thousands of years ago. Students have greater facilities for receiving an education now than ever before, but the time required is not much shorter than when the youthful aspirant pored over his manuscripts before a smoking dip. The electric light does not illumine the mind. Nevertheless the spirit of the age makes a long course of studies seem tedious and irksome, and we are prone to throw aside its advantages and launch forth on the troubled sea of life but ill-prepared for the dangerous voyage. It is a well-known fact that our colleges suffer from this tendency, but it is not less certain that the students themselves and indirectly the whole community feel its effects more deeply still. The motives for leaving before the end of the course may, in many cases, seem laud-

ble, but we can safely assert that experience here as elsewhere proves the wisdom of the old motto, "hasten slowly." We have time and time again heard old students express their regret at not having completed their university course before entering on their life-work. Can we learn nothing from the experience of others, or must we always go to the "hard master" himself for his lessons?

It is self-evident that a college training affords a preparation desirable in any calling, and indispensable for the full measure of influence which a talented man should exercise in any of the higher walks of life. Of course it is understood that we speak of those who make serious, earnest and constant use of their advantages while students. These we should strongly advise to complete the course; it may require some sacrifice, real or apparent, but in the end they will be amply compensated.

Apart from the enlargement of a man's sphere of usefulness and of pleasure, consequent on a collegiate training, there is another reason which weighs in favor of our argument. Many men are at work that is entirely unsuited to their turn of mind, work which God never intended them to perform. History tells us of many geniuses who failed in their first choice of a profession. How many bright intellects capable of accomplishing great things have failed from misapplying their energies, history will never tell. Some are too diffident—a course of studies would reveal to them powers which otherwise might lie dormant, and unsuspected even by themselves. Others, perhaps a more numerous class, could profitably spend some years to find out what they can not do.

Once more we very earnestly recommend one and all to persevere to the end, at least if their professors deem it advisable. "The prudent man doth all things with counsel."

*HASTY CRITICISM.*

We feel no irritation—nay, not even annoyance at the somewhat hasty criticism that appeared in one of our exchanges regarding our April issue. We published therein several articles of a religious or sectarian coloring. That was our offence. Kind in tone as were the strictures passed upon us, we feel that to observe silence regarding them would be to shirk a grave duty. The principle involved is one of serious import. Is religion to be excluded from, or is to form a part of our educational system? To that question, the answer of many people and many journals, even college ones, is that it must be excluded; to that same question, our unhesitating and unequivocal answer is that it must not. Could we dip our pen in liquid fire, we would write that answer across the firmament of the college world, that it might rouse the student body from the lethargy of indifference, into which, unfortunately, it has been plunged. Oh for “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” with which to proclaim the significance of the truth we vindicate. Banish God from the schools and then—what? Anarchy, licentiousness and corruption of every kind. Without the idea of God we would have social and moral chaos. Our notions upon some points of discipline may be faulty, but this belief of ours cannot be enfeebled, that the educational arch will lack stability if religion be not the keystone.

A glance at the busy world of the busy nineteenth century may help to confirm the assertion. Who are the anarchists, the socialists, the nihilists and the lovers of disorder? Surely they are those who have forgotten God or stilled the voice of conscience. Is the object of education to make such men as these? May better sense prevail, and nobler feeling triumph to prevent such a misfortune! For preaching this creed, and endeavoring to promulgate it we have been censured. Ob-

serve our defence. “The half dozen or more articles” were not “so purely religious and sectarian as to be spoiled for general reading.” They had some special scientific or historical interest, for those at least who wished to discover that interest; and, we might remark, the discovery would not have required much effort. Of course, they had their religious aspect, but were they sectarian? If by “sectarian” is meant Catholic, then they were sectarian; and the treatment of any subject, of more than passing concern, will necessarily smack of sectarianism, for the history of the world is intimately interwoven with the history of catholicity. THE OWL is the journal of a Catholic University, and as long as it continues to be such, so long shall it continue to publish articles, in which topics of religions as well as secular importance are discussed. The reason of this is that the youth of the land require it. The most powerful restraining influence exerted upon the cupidity or passions of men is that exerted by religion; and since we have a college paper, we believe that that paper should set the task before itself of exerting that influence by disseminating proper rules for the guidance of its readers upon questions of religion. Apart from the authority a college journal has over the students themselves, it holds sway, to a certain extent, over many individuals of the social body outside itself, because it is the voice through which the institution speaks. We believe this to be our task from motives of loyalty to our Mother Church. We glory in her achievements, and take pride in the part she has played in the perfecting of our civilization, and the bettering of man’s moral and material condition; and we claim the same right to recount her triumphs or her struggles as the child who tells in story the wonderful deeds of its ancestors. The Church has, oftentimes, wept over the folly or temerity of some from amongst her children; and we hold that it is within our

sphere to do our small share in preventing anything that might, in future cause her a moment's sorrow. We consider that we are doing this small share by endeavoring to infuse into the minds of our readers the true principles that underlie human action, and the knowledge of what our religion has done for the elevation and advancement of mankind.

We find in the very publications that are sent forth by many of our colleges and universities, an apology for our conduct. Therein we find no recognition of a "Divinity that shapes our ends." With some, the aim is to be humorous, and, unfortunately, the humor is very often of a coarse, indelicate nature. In others, questions of only temporary concern are treated, and the part that Providence plays in all things mundane, is entirely forgotten. We have struggled against this tendency, and we will continue to struggle against it, whether or not success attends our efforts. And this because of our conviction that more than the showy trappings of secular knowledge are wanting to make the complete man. We believe that the youth of the land need something more than mere accomplishments. We believe that they should be something more than mere intellectual peacocks. Were they such and naught else, they would be nice to look upon; but let them once attempt to expound a theory, and we would find, in their development of it, as much truth or clearness as there is music in the voice of the gaudy bird.

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#### BEDLAMITES AT PLAY.

It is not often a college paper stoops to make the description of a hand to hand fight between students its leading article. Such, however, *The Voice* of Wooster University, Ohio, has recently done. A long account is given of a most disgraceful occurrence, so bad in fact that one might easily be led to suspect exaggeration.

But we must accept as true the writer's story. Freshmen and Sophomores met for a baseball match, and a class fight, called a "class rush" and "the event of the season," took place. Rumors of war had evidently circulated and all came prepared for the battle. Hostilities were among the "loyal ladies," some of whom carried "two canes each," and whose prowess the writer compares to that of the heroes of Thermopylae. Could not these accomplished young ladies find employment further west, where labor is scarce or Indians are to be fought? They might thus become useful citizens. But the fun, evidently enjoyed by the writer, was to come at the conclusion of the game, when he saw, and perhaps with a hand (or a foot) in the fray, hats flying, garments ripped, canes snapped and splintered, blows falling thick and fast, and the diamond and surrounding sod covered with a mass of struggling, fighting humanity. More scraps, even earnest fighting among the Amazons, and the *finale* enacted in the streets, after a noisy march back to town, ended "the most exciting class rush Wooster has witnessed in the present generation of students." In concluding his report the writer divides the honours between the belligerents, adding: "It was a great rush in every sense of the word; no better could have been planned had the whole affair been carefully pre-arranged."

The disgusting event receives no fewer than three mentions in *The Voice*, a journal containing nine pages of reading matter. Though an editorial note deprecates the occurrence, the writer of the detailed account evidently enjoyed the *mêlée*, and appreciated the opportunity of having something fresh and rare for his paper. For the honor of college journalism we are glad that is rare. Is it possible that such as this can be customary at Wooster? We hope not. We believe in class spirit, but restrained within the



bounds of a civilized way of acting and common decency. The fighting is certainly objectionable, and so is the account of it, not inserted with any apparent intention of preventing a recurrence. Would it not be better to leave such happenings unmentioned, when to mention them does no good, but brings discredit on the university and college journalism in general?

The question arises what kind of education do these students receive? If one is to judge by its fruits, it cannot be thought remarkable for excellence. Possibly Wooster is one of the institutions that exclude religious instruction from the lecture halls, and confine it to the Divinity Department or the chapel, where students may or may not attend. And if not, so much the worse for *that* religious training. Without religion, the sovereign influence for good, educated people are no better than refined pagans; and unless religion be thoroughly understood and made a part of one's self, polite breeding and worldly knowledge alone are no guarantee for even gentlemanly bearing.

It is a striking fact that the same issue of *The Voice* contains a Y. M. C. A. column and a Religious Department. In the latter there is recorded the doings at a recent meeting, held the evening after the battle, when the following subject was discussed, "Personal Responsibility for the World's Evangelization," and a number of the attendants "gave themselves to the great work." On the walls were placed "maps and charts showing the needs of the great world fixed." Query: Was Wooster marked? And did the "Volunteer Band" realize that Christianity has yet to be preached to some of their own community? We would suggest to commence the "great work" at home. Of course not, but yet it is as much ours as the "Evangelization of the World" is the business of the Wooster "Volunteer Band."

It would undoubtedly be better for you, Wooster students (boys and girls) to refrain from fighting, but if you cannot get along without it, keep it to yourselves. It might also be well to exercise some care in the choice of matter for *The Voice*, as such a clashing of barbarity and Christianity does not speak well for the Christianity of Wooster students.

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### N'OUBLIEZ PAS.

In every walk in life, as well as in every community, there are, between man and man, reciprocal duties and obligations, upon the proper discharge of which, continued order and prosperity depend. This statement in a general way, is verified in numberless particular instances, to one of which we wish to direct attention. We refer to the spirit which should characterize the intercourse between student and professor and the friendly relation which should exist between student and student. It is of the utmost importance that perfect harmony should prevail between the student and the teacher, otherwise contact with the ablest intellects will be productive of little or no good, and it is beyond question, that the absence of amicable relations between students, is a serious hindrance to intellectual and moral advancement.

Given the proper dispositions, it is an easy task for the professor to interest the student in his work. With implicit confidence in each other, the pupil learns from his teacher to create his own opportunities instead of waiting until they present themselves, after the fashion of the stolid traveller, who, coming up to a river which lay in his path, calmly sat down to wait until the water had all passed by. Much of the best and brightest talent is thus oftentimes wasted, through lack of energy to seek a ferry or to make a raft to cross the stream which obstructs our passage. Not less fatal is it for the student to be

allowed to think that his work is a burden or a punishment from the weight of which he would cheerfully free himself. In averting the aforesaid evils, two essentials cooperate: courtesy and civility from the student to the professor and a due amount of respect on the part of the professor, for the student. Whenever we wish to reap a substantial harvest from our labors in the study or in the class-room, these two conditions must enter into the work of preparation. They are of equal importance, one being the necessary accompaniment of the other. The student is generally as sensitive as his master as regards those little marks of kindness which one person may, from time to time, have it in his power to show to another, and the teacher who has the collective as well as the individual interest of his class at heart, never fails to realize this fact. For this reason he has a high notion of his position, and divesting himself of all petty prejudices can hold himself aloof from the foibles of childhood. On the other hand, the teacher needs no stronger incentive for redoubling his efforts than the respect of his pupils and their appreciation of what he has hitherto done. He is then at a loss to know what new efforts to make, and his difficulty, as is often the case, is, for his pupils the most golden of opportunities, for, with a resolute will and an ample fund of courage and perseverance, he is able to give polish and tone to the dulllest intellects.

The propriety of these remarks is, of course, measured by the degree to which the dispositions in question are wanting. Consequently, in so far as Ottawa University is concerned, and as an arraignment of particular individuals, our argument is weak and aimless. It is, and, we believe it has ever been the good fortune of our students to be the object of the teacher's most careful solicitude. As regards an interchange of courtesies, almost as much can be said for the pupils. We have yet

to hear of a case when the rank and file of Ottawa students was not on the side of manliness and uprightness. Nevertheless, educational centres there are, where a different state of affairs exists, and where both teacher and pupil are not entirely without blame. *Qui possint capere, capiant.*

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### PHOTOGRAPHS.

VIEWS OF "THE OWL," THROUGH FRIENDLY CAMERAS.

It does not do a man any harm to see occasionally a true photograph of himself, and the same remark holds good of birds. THE OWL is proud of the following collection of pictures from the studios of well-known artists. The group is a cosmopolitan. Of course, it is THE OWL's belief that the artists are the highest type of realists who have given rightful prominence to the salient features of the object of their study:—

"THE OWL has a long list of editors. In this case, however, too many cooks do not seem to spoil the broth."—*The Cadet, Reading, Pa.*

"THE OWL is again on our desk and, as usual, with good literary articles. One entitled, 'Demosthenes' 'De Corona,' is worthy of special note for the manner in which the 'Greatest of Orations by the Greatest of Orators' is treated."—*Webster Journal, Grove City, Pa.*

"Mr. Duncan A. Campbell contributes a suggestive paper on 'One Phase of the Educational Problem' to THE OWL, the bright and readable organ of Ottawa University. An editorial on 'Baccalaureate Reform in France' is not untimely, in view of some recent discussions in Montreal. Mr. D. Murphy writes of 'The Influence of the Iliad on Art.' There is some fair poetry from students and others, and several pages of general reading, information on college sports and societies, and some touches of never absent and always welcome humour make up a good average number, and the average of THE OWL is a high one."—*Dominion Illustrated, Montreal.*

"The current number of the Ottawa University OWL contains an article on the subject of 'The Influence of the Iliad on Art,' which is both able and interesting. The writer has handled his subject in a masterly manner, every line reminding us of Lessing's celebrated treatise of pleasant memory. A glance over the columns of the journal compels us to conclude that THE OWL is one of our best exchanges. Its literary standard is away above the average of a college monthly, and every department bears evidence of being carefully and ably edited. Many of our monthly exchanges

might derive much benefit from a perusal of THE OWL, and, by a careful attention to its periodical screeching, might attain to a much higher degree of excellence than some of them at present possess."—*The Varsity, Toronto, Ont.*

"THE OWL has a well-edited literary department, containing both poetry and prose."—*Colby Echo, Waterville, Me.*

"We thank THE OWL for their complimentary remarks on our editorial labours. Coming from such high authority as this criticism does, we appreciate it most highly, and in return wish THE OWL that high degree of success which its excellence merits."—*Athenaeum, Morgantown, W. Va.*

"A well-executed portrait of Bishop Macdonell forms a feature of the November issue of THE OWL, the journal of the University. The portrait is published in connection with a full and interesting report of the consecration proceedings. THE OWL continues to reflect the greatest credit upon the students, who publish and edit it, and much of the matter might worthily occupy space in magazines of greater pretensions. It is far from being only a college record, as some might suppose, but on the contrary every issue contains literary productions of interest to the reading public."—*Ottawa Citizen, Ont.*

The remarkable literary merit of THE OWL places it far above the average high school or college journal. It possesses an Exchange Column second to none on our list, while in its November number are two bits of verse, 'Evening,' and 'The Lesson of the Leaves,' which can be described only by the word 'charming.'—*High School Review, Wash.ington, D. C.*

"THE OWL of Ottawa University is a fine paper. For artistic finish it takes first place among Canadian college journals, and also contains readable articles on subjects of general interest."—*Acta Victoriana, Cobourg, Ont.*

"We are free to remark that THE OWL from Ottawa University is a magazine. We can not like the religion of our brethren in Catholic institutions, but we're not having any quarrel with them over that; and we must say that we, emphatically, do like their brains and their culture."—*Otterbein Argis, Westerville, Ohio.*

"THE OWL, published at the University of Ottawa, sends out a Christmas number in a pamphlet form containing some 116 pages. It is handsomely illustrated and surpasses in every way anything we have seen in the college journal line."—*Wooster Voice, Wooster, Ohio.*

"The very fine portrait of the first Bishop of the recently formed See of Alexandria would of itself be a sufficient reason for drawing attention to the November number of THE OWL. The Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, is a Scotchman and a good looking one. We like the 'get up' of THE OWL. It is distinctly a college paper. The literary contributions are all of a high order and all from students. This is as it should be. The editorials are all well written. . . . Our friend from Ottawa always brings a fund of humour and will always be welcome."—*Queen's College Journal, Kingston, Ont.*

"We have to refer to the creditable Christmas number of THE OWL. It is the organ of the alumni and students of Ottawa University and is conducted with ability."—*The Gazette, Montreal, P. Q.*

"The Christmas OWL looks out upon the night of the 'Gloria' alone, waves his hand and calls into light his many-hued Christmas tree with an air of,

'I am Monarch of all I survey,'

And we, without reservation, concede, his

'— right there is none to dispute.'

Expense was no consideration in the purchase of his out-fit, nor trouble in the generation of his literary matter; hence, both within and without, he comes to us in admirable condition. He ever proves himself a far-seeing bird in this age of short-sightedness and materialism, yet shows, at this merry season, that he too as the wisest, 'can relish a little non-sense now and then.'—*Saltzer Regina, New Orleans, La.*

"The Christmas number of THE OWL, of Ottawa University, is very attractive. It almost passes beyond the bounds of college journalism."—*Earlhamite, Richmond, Ind.*

"One of our brightest and best exchanges, THE OWL, showed commendable taste and enterprise in the preparation of its Christmas number. It appeared in a beautifully designed and richly ornamented cover, and abounded in choice illustrations and appropriate reading matter."—*N. D. Scholastic, Notre Dame, Ind.*

"We expected something good in the Christmas OWL, we were not disappointed. It contains about seventy-five pages of very fine reading matter, interspersed with choice cuts and illustrations. The poetry is of a very high order, and the prose articles scholarly and instructive. The article on 'The Greeks and the Trojans,' with the further title of 'An Heroic Episode in the History of Foot-ball,' is enough to excite the enthusiasm of even those least devoted to the 'grand old game,' while the illustrations are, to use a slang phrase, simply 'killing.'"—*Varsity, Toronto, Ont.*

"It is some time since THE OWL of Ottawa University took the lead—we say it advisedly—among our Canadian college journals, rising head and shoulders above all other attempts in the line, and bearing a very favorable comparison to some of the best kindred productions from across the border. The Christmas number of the current session is even an exceptionally creditable issue and pays an implicit compliment to the well directed labours of the editors, who have evidently devoted much time and attention to its preparation. We can assure them that it is fully up to their expectations, as set forth in a modest editorial; and we hope their labours may be rewarded by a hearty response from the public to whom it appeals. Among other contributors we notice the well-known names of archbishop O'Brien, and Archibald Lampman."—*Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.*

"L'Universite d'Ottawa qui publie THE OWL, a donné un numéro de Noel qui forme une brochure d'une centaine de pages, et dont le fini typographique et littéraire est tout à fait remarquable. Il

nous fait plaisir de voir des élèves, jeunes encore, manier aussi facilement la plume."—*L'Étudiant, Joliette, P.Q.*

"Several other college papers came out as special Christmas numbers, but all are surpassed by THE OWL."—*The Carletonia, Northfield, Minn.*

"The Christmas number of the Ottawa Owl is a gem, both in appearance and contents. Filled with excellent matter from beginning to end, its success as a special number is assured. The effort shows enterprise, and is a credit to our Canadian friends."—*Doane Owl, Crete, Neb.*

"The care bestowed upon some Christmas journals raise them, as respects form, cuts and literary merit to the plane of our best publications. Among these might be mentioned THE OWL, a hasty leafing over of whose pages would at once remind one of some monthly magazine, and further perusal would be quite as much enjoyed and quite as profitable as the reading of the magazine itself."—*The Dickinsonian, Cañon, Pa.*

"The Christmas number of THE OWL struck twelve. It out-distanced all competitors in the variety and quality of its literary and artistic mechanism. 'Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere.' . . . . But we would not have our readers infer that the more than ninety pages of this number of THE OWL are taken up almost wholly with illustrations. The literary part of THE OWL, both prose and poetry, is of a high standard. Such names as Rev. E. M. Dawson, LL.D., Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, and other less noted writers, in the table of contents, guarantee excellence. The work of the editors in what is more properly the college department, as always, is good."—*Manitoba College Journal, Winnipeg, Man.*

"The best proof ever offered to us of the success of college journalism comes from the University of Ottawa, Canada. The Christmas number of THE OWL, the students' journal, is a masterpiece, both literary and mechanical. The literature is rich and simple; the subjects treated are worthy of serious thought; the arguments are logical and modest, and the tone of the journal is manly and just."—*Democrat, Boston, Mass.*

"The Christmas number of THE OWL is fully up to our expectations. The cover is pretty and striking, and the general appearance of the number reflects credit alike on the editors and on the printers. The cuts are fine, some of them highly amusing. To us the picture of THE OWL'S exchange table and the accompanying poem was the rarest treat of all."—*University Monthly, Fredricton, N.B.*

"THE OWL published one of the finest Christmas issues that we have seen this year. Full of good illustrations and interesting literary work, it compares favourably with the Christmas numbers of many of the professional magazines. The paper entitled "The Old and The New" is thoughtful and scholarly; that on "Kondiarok" full of interest and instruction."—*Georgetown College Journal, Georgetown, D.C.*

"The Christmas number of THE OWL is the best we have seen. The editors may certainly feel proud of it."—*The Argosy, Sackville, N.B.*

"Of the Christmas issues that we have received, that of THE OWL of Ottawa University far excels all. Its literary matter, its illustrations, and all of its features seem to make it verge more on professional than amateur journalism. It should be well-supported by the students to show their appreciation of its exertions to do honor to the school."—*High School Review, Dayton, Ohio.*

"For the January number of THE OWL we have nothing but words of the highest praise. With this declaration we are not content to stop, since we wish to say a few words on some of the articles that most impressed us. The *Beautiful* is a poem of no mean merit. The criticism of Goethe's *Faust* is quite long for a college paper, yet the thoughts are well expressed and show the talent of the author. . . . . The *Parting of Hector and Andromache* is a praiseworthy poem written in the heroic metre. We congratulate THE OWL on the excellence of this number."—*The Dial, St. Mary's, Kansas.*

"The Ottawa Owl ranks very high in literary merit. Nearly the entire space is given up to essays on topics of great literary interest. Discussions of the works of the great masters are highly beneficial to both writer and reader. Even though one has read the classic literatures of our own and other languages, he never objects to reading a thoughtful criticism of the books he has read."—*Round Table, Beloit, Wis.*

"The Christmas number of THE OWL, published by the students of Ottawa University, was a pleasant surprise to us. We have not seen all the Canadian periodicals this year, but among those we have seen we give THE OWL the palm. Archbishop O'Brien and Archibald Lampan are among the contributors, and altogether both matter and manner are excellent."—*Canada, Benton, N.B.*

"The Christmas Owl was a handsomely illustrated number of a hundred pages, filled to the brim with choice holiday reading matter."—*Kenton Collegian, Gambier, Ohio.*

"We always have a warm word of welcome for THE OWL. For though it is Owl, it is never cold. A glance at its contents reveals the bonanza that is within."—*University Monthly, Fredricton, N.B.*

"We always look for something witty from THE OWL, and the last number seems replete with good and instructive reading."—*The Portfolio, Hamilton, Ont.*

"The February number of THE OWL, published by the students of the Ottawa University, may justly feel proud, for, as its table of contents will show at a glance, it is eminently a literary number. Numerous excellent essays, with poems interspersing, brighten its neatly printed pages. . . . . The literary standard of THE OWL is high, and as such deserving of emulation."—*Mulhensburg, Alton, Pa.*

"We were very much pleased with the February number of THE OWL, of the University of Ottawa. Among other articles of merit which this number contains may be mentioned: 'Penelope,' 'The Nebular Hypothesis, and a poem entitled 'Thyendaga.' THE OWL generally contains good matter and the number before us is no exception."—*Niagara Index, Niagara, N.Y.*

"THE OWL for February reaches our sanctum none the less affected by the Christmas issue and still retaining its accustomed size. The literary department seems to grow better with each succeeding number."—*Recorder, Syracuse, N. Y.*

"The most mature exchange that comes to our table is the Ottawa OWL, published by the students of Ottawa University, Canada. It nearly goes beyond the province of college journalism in its excellence."—*Doane Owl, Cicero, N. Y.*

"NEXT, THE OWL lies before us, which is one of our best exchanges. It seems as though the editors of this journal labor upon a principle which the editors of all college journals would do well to emulate, that of making each succeeding issue surpass its predecessor. We extend to them our congratulations upon its contents, and especially to the author of the "Nebular Hypothesis."—*Western Maryland College Monthly, Westminster, Md.*

"One of our best exchanges is THE OWL. It contains some very interesting and well written articles that prove a credit to the men attending the school it represents."—*Purdue Exponent, Lafayette, Iowa.*

"THE OWL is great in two senses, namely, its size and the character of its contents."—*Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.*

"After an arduous search through the various college papers for gems of truth, the Easy Chair Editor, as is his custom, leaned back and sat wrapped in thought. Suddenly he hears a distant note borne on the night air: it is the hooting of THE OWL, but its strain is unusually melodious."—*College Rambler, Jacksonville, Ill.*

"The Christmas number of THE OWL is a thing of beauty, with an abundance of cheering and healthful reading. It has long since been conceded by the best critical opinion that THE OWL holds a foremost place among college magazines, and the literary and artistic excellence of the holiday issue is in keeping with its reputation."—*Aze Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.*

"For real literary work and as an evidence of what is being done by the students of Ottawa University, THE OWL has few rivals in college journalism. Its literary articles especially, in both quality and quantity, bespeak a familiarity with literature and history, and a facility and beauty in the use of English that students of all colleges would do well to emulate."—*The Delphi, Des Moines, Iowa.*

"The February OWL has devoted two pages to 'Brief Literary Notes.' It is an example which we wish might be followed by other college papers. Many who have not time nor opportunity to keep up with the happenings of the literary world in detail, are glad to find so many items of interest condensed into a few words."—*The Sunbeam, Wilby, Ont.*

"On the top of our small pile of exchanges, we behold THE OWL. Not the bird of ill-omen, but a sprightly paper which comes from the capital of the Dominion. THE OWL, published monthly by the students of Ottawa University, is replete with articles which reflect great credit on its board of editors. No doubt THE OWL has, as it deserves,

a great number of readers. For any one who may peruse its pages, cannot fail to appreciate the literary work that it contains."—*College Advocate, Burlington, Vt.*

"In THE OWL for April we find much that deserves commendation and places the magazine in the foremost rank of our best exchanges. . . . We repeat what we have frequently said before, that THE OWL will always be met at the station with a coach and four."—*Niagara Index, Niagara, N. Y.*

THE OWL, the organ of Ottawa University, while serving in a measure as a medium for news, devotes a far greater portion of its space to literary articles. The result is a pleasing combination of newspaper and magazine, in every respect worthy of the institution it represents."—*Swarthmore Phoenix, June, 1891.*

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### EXCHANGES.

The successive issues of the Georgetown College Journal continue to uphold the paper's reputation as one of the best amongst college publications. The Journal gives a great deal of interesting news about Georgetown and must serve to keep the alumni thoroughly in touch with the doings of their *Alma Mater*--an object which, with college editors, should be held second only to that of developing the literary abilities of present students.

The *Williams Lit. Monthly* has found its way to our table for the first time this year, but we trust it will wander in there more frequently in future. In form it much resembles the professional magazines, whilst in matter it is both entertaining and instructive. In the May number the article "On Certain Old Books" and the sketch of Shelley struck us as being the most worthy of mention.

The editors of the *Hamilton College Monthly* seem to understand the true scope of a college journal better than do many of their co-laborers in the same field. Its columns always contain several literary articles on the most varied subjects, and what is best of all, these are almost invariably the work of students. The exchange editor, though one of the gentler sex, knows how to strike home when occasion requires, as is evidenced by a criticism of the *Cadet*.

The May number of the *Delphi* is entirely devoted to a report of the recent inter-state oratorical contest, all the orations being given in full and each accompanied by a fine cut of its author. The

one that impressed us most favorably was that on "Materialism" although it captured no prize. "Let matter still be the servant of man, not his God." is the spirit of an oration notable alike for beauty of expression and deep insight into the greatest evil of the nineteenth century.

The *Satire Regina*, always a bright paper, is making rapid strides in the path of progress. A late number contains an extensive and most interesting sketch of Fr. Ryan, the poet priest of the South. Some of its articles, of course, betray the fact that its editors are made of finer clay than the generality of college scribes. What son of Adam would, for instance, select the Daisy as a topic to discussion, whereas what one of his daughters would not consider it an ideal subject, aye, and treat it as such, as has been done in the present case?

The *Red and Blue* is ever light and breezy, just the sort of a paper one likes to have at hand to while away a sultry spring afternoon. Some may say that its articles are scarcely weighty enough for a college literary journal, and there is ground for the statement. But, after all, it amuses in a way, which, next to instructing, is perhaps the highest object to be aimed at by any publication.

The *St. John's College Magazine* has improved much in its April number, that being the latest at hand. The article on "Novels" is well worth reading. The writer holds the doctrine, moderation in all things, and hence would not have a sweeping condemnation passed upon novels merely because they are novels. Of standard works of fiction of the healthy kind, he says: "Theirs is a great work to make this weary, dusty world, fresh and bright and cheerful; to soothe the tired heart and head; to make the lagging hours of sickness fly; in a word, to take us out of ourselves. We miss what we, possibly through an exaggerated idea of our own importance, consider as the *sine qua non* of a college paper, the exchange column.

The *Oracle* which, though pretentious in name, is not so in appearance or tone, contains a fine article entitled "The Landing of Columbus," in which full justice is done to the master mind, whose bold conceptions gave to the human race a new hemisphere. Speaking of this

greatest of all discoveries the writer says: "Never since the days of Nazareth had the world such reason to rejoice; and never, since He of Nazareth, did one man do so much for humanity."

The ex-man sighs as he drops the last exchange. Is it a sigh of regret or of pleasure? With all his recent delving into psychology, he finds the question difficult to answer. As he glances out of the sanctum window at the leafy trees and smiling fields, he is tempted to believe that it is entirely one of joy, that the time has at last come to cast down his critical pen and go forth into the glad sunshine to return to his cushionless seat no more. But as his eye wanders back to the huge pile of exchanges lying before him, fond memories start up of the pleasant hours spent over their varied columns and he rather distrusts this analysis, for he is conscious of a feeling closely allied to, if not identical with that of regret. He has come to know more of the college student and much more of the college paper, and this knowledge has led him to hold the one in higher esteem and the other in greater respect. His fellow-workers in the field of college journalism have almost invariably shown themselves to be animated with a spirit of sincerity and fairness and with a determination to advance onward and upward that augurs well not only for the coming college paper, but also for the future of Canada and the United States, whose destinies will soon be in their hands.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, college editors all, THE OWL metaphorically extends to each of you his dexter claw and wishes you a hearty farewell, which he hopes will prove but an *au revoir*.

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#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

CATHOLIC BELIEF, by the Very Rev. Joseph Di Bruno, D.D. Benziger Bros., New York and Chicago:

This book is edited for the American public by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, and like everything else to which this talented priest has put his hand, has met with a remarkable success. It has already reached a hundred thousand copies, and Benziger Bros. have brought out a new edition to meet the growing demand. We cannot name any brief manual of doctrine

so apt to strengthen Catholic faith and destroy Protestant prejudice. It is a clear and simple epitome of the Church's teaching on the more important dogmatic points, as well as a thorough answer to the more common objections raised against Catholicity, and a mine of useful and interesting knowledge on religious topics. It should be in every layman's library—by the side of "Notes on Ingersoll," "Tactics of Infidels," "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" "Faith of Our Fathers," and "Our Christian Heritage."

**SAVINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN**—The Pilot Publishing Company :

Every tradition of the great Cardinal is deservedly held in precious remembrance by the members of the Church Catholic, but for that large and ever-increasing portion that speaks the English tongue, his words have the influence of a great saint and a profound scholar. The Pilot Publishing Co. has done the Catholic public a solid service in reprinting from "Merry England," and in neat pamphlet form, the addresses of this distinguished churchman on the occasion of the most important occurrences of his life. A good portrait of the deceased adorns the title page, and the pamphlet makes fifty-eight pages of closely printed matter. Address, Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

**DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE :**

The June number of this magazine is the best of its recent issues. It opens with a very instructive essay "The House of Savoy and the Pope." The careful reader will readily perceive what an ill-disguised curse Savoy rule has been for Italy, and how much more prosperous and happy the people were under the paternal sovereignty of the Popes. The writer cannot be accused of personal prejudice or bigotry since his article is based wholly on the statements of a non-Catholic European statesman, made in the April "Contemporary Review" under the heading "The Savoy Dynasty, the Pope, and the Republic." R. F. Farrell contributes some interesting reminiscences of Gen. Sherman, and a sketch of the history of the Ewing family into which the General was adopted when quite young, and by whom he was educated in the Catholic faith. Morgan M. Sheedy writes soundly on our view of

the educational problem, and the rest of the number is filled with matter that is sure to benefit whoever reads it aright.

**THE "AVE MARIA" :**

The May monthly part of this excellent Catholic family magazine is indeed a "Hail Mary." A well executed engraving of Ittenbach's "Queen of the Maytime" forms a fitting frontispiece, while Marian articles both in prose and poetry from the pens of such gifted writers as Bro. Azarias, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Anna T. Sadlier and Katherine Tynan, give a special charm to an always edifying and instructive periodical. "The Success of Patrick Desmond" bids fair to be the success of Maurice Francis Egan. This is, perhaps, ambiguous praise, for only those behind the scenes really know what is, or will be, Desmond's success; but if the residents continue as dramatic and the portrayal of character as vivid and true as in the first chapters, there will be nothing ambiguous about the success of the star. Prof. Egan has staked out a very fertile claim in a hitherto unsettled portion of the great field of American literature, and has begun to reap a rich harvest when other men would be content with sowing their seed. The "Juvenile Department," "Notes and Remarks," and the "Literary Supplement" are three commendable features and are in themselves well worth the annual subscription.

**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW :**

The June *Review* completes the hundred and fifty-second volume of that publication. Secretary of the Navy Tracy contributes an article on "Our New War Ships" that is calculated to enlighten those who imagine that the United States has no navy. Gen. Rush Hawkins proves by facts that "Brutality and Avarice" are triumphant in the United States; Col. Robert Ingersoll proves by *figures* that such is not the case. This, by the bye, is also how the gallant Colonel proves that there is no God; for richness of assertion and poverty of proof Bob Ingersoll is peerless. Gen. Hawkins, however, has much the best of the argument. Stilted phrases and striking metaphors are a poor answer to such historic certainties as the Civil War swindles, the systematic schemes for acquiring the public domain and depleting the public purse, the plac-

ing of railroads under "ring" management, the "star route" theory, and the American specialty -- "stock-watering." This is only one aspect of the many-sided success of avarice in the United States. "Plundering made easy" is what Gen. Hawkins would substitute in the national coat of arms for *E pluribus Unum*. Col. Ingersoll prefers a host of glittering superlatives with their pinnacled "mosts" everywhere and their substantial bases nowhere--like *Chat aux en Espagne*.

The concluding and best article of the present issue is Andrew Carnegie's "A. B. C. of Money." Mr. Carnegie is a master of finance, and his paper is sure to mark an era in the discussion of the silver question. He has no confidence in silver as a basis for financial transaction, and he foretells grave disasters unless the United States adopt as her standard, "not fluctuating Silver but unchanging Gold." We expect to see the editor's permission to copy Mr. Carnegie's article taken general advantage of by the newspapers and periodicals of the country. "The A. B. C. of Money" is worthy of careful perusal and earnest thought.

#### MISSIONS OF AMERICA :

Under the title "Missions of America" the Koenig Medicine Co. of Chicago, Ill., has just issued a collection of views of the early mission stations in America. The views are fifteen in number and represent the missions established in California during the last quarter of the eighteenth century by the indefatigable Franciscan Fathers Junipero Serra and Palou. The engraving is in the highest style of the art, and this brochure, while serving all the purposes of an advertisement for Father Koenig's remedy, is at the same time a beautiful souvenir of some most interesting events in the history of America.

#### CONDITION OF LABOR :

Benziger Bros., Catholic publishers, have issued an official translation of the Pope's Encyclical upon the "Condition of Labor." Considering the grasping of the theme discussed in this letter, and the earnestness of the interest its publication has evoked, we feel that no one will deny to Benziger Bros. that meed of praise which their promptness so fully deserves.

#### THE NEW CANADIAN MAGAZINE :

*Canada*, the new magazine published by Matthew R. Knight, at Benton, New Brunswick, is meeting with deserved success. Since it was started in January last improvements have appeared in every number. It aims to furnish pure, high-class, patriotic Canadian literature monthly at the lowest possible price. Its contributors include many of the best writers in Canada. With the June number it is enlarged to sixteen quarto pages and cover, beautifully printed on a superior quality of paper. Beginning with the July number the subscription price will be one dollar per year, but all who send their subscriptions before July 1st need only remit fifty cents in stamps, and they will receive this valuable and interesting publication for a full year. Address:—*Canada*, Benton, New Brunswick.

#### DOMINION ILLUSTRATED :

\$750 in gold, three organs, a sewing machine, a letter filing cabinet, gold watches, and other prizes to the number of 100 in all, aggregating in value over \$5,000, the smallest being valued at \$5. That is the list which the *Dominion Illustrated* will distribute among subscribers at the close of the current six months, in connection with the prize competition now in progress, and which is still open to new subscribers. For sample copy and all particulars send 12 cents in stamps to the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

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#### LITERARY AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Patronal Feast of our Rev. Rector, Father McGuckin, O.M.I., was celebrated on May 22nd by a highly interesting literary and dramatic entertainment. Every seat in the Academic Hall was filled, and besides Very Rev. Father Martinet, Legate of the Superior General of the Oblate Order, there were present His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Very Rev. Mgr. Routhier, V.G., Very Rev. Canon Campeau, and a large number of the clergy and laity of Ottawa. After a brilliant overture by the Cecilian Society, the programme opened by a song of welcome in chorus sung by the Orpheus Glee Club. Mr. John O'Connor then came forward and delivered a long and inter-



esting essay on "The Immortality of Art." It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. O'Connor, although not far advanced in years, has already acquired great control over the English language, and a wonderful mastery over the art of correct delivery.

Mr. Hector Garneau followed in an animated discourse upon the "Importance of History in Education," in which he not only proved himself well acquainted with his subject, but, moreover, gave every evidence of his abilities in the direction of oratory.

The second part of the programme opened with another grand chorus, "O Canada," which was rendered with unusual success.

A lecture on "Private Property in Land" was next delivered in an admirable manner by Mr. F. L. French. It was exceedingly interesting from beginning to end, and displayed the wide acquaintance of the lecturer with the intricate problems of Socialism. But the most novel feature of the whole entertainment, if not the most interesting, was a "Selection from Oedipus Tyrannus," which was presented in the Ancient Grecian style and in the language in which it was written.

Before the Greek actors were brought upon the stage—for they could not convey themselves—Mr. Fitzpatrick introduced them in a short sketch of the play, in which he acquainted those present with the nature of the selection, its bearing on the whole drama, together with a brief explanation of the different modes of arranging the costumes and actors upon the Grecian stage. Mr. J. P. Smith, who has passed through all the various grades of the histrionic school, took the part of King Oedipus, while the other character, that of Tiresias, the old soothsayer, was sustained by Mr. J. Philion. Of course "it was all Greek" to the audience; but the admirable manner in which both actors acquitted themselves of their respective roles was evidence enough of their prowess in the tongue of Homer and Demosthenes.

The entertainment on the whole was an excellent one, and did credit to those who took part in it; but its success was due in a great measure to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. H. Glasmacher and Rev. Father Nolin, who spared no pains to render it worthy of the University. The

audience retired well satisfied, the only murmurs heard being audible desires that an entire Greek drama be placed upon the stage before long.

### TRINITY ORDINATIONS.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel held the regular Trinity ordination service on Saturday the 23rd ult. A large number from the Diocesan Seminary and from the Scholasticate, presented themselves for various orders. The following were admitted to their respective orders:—

**PRIESTHOOD**—Rev. Alphonse Arnauld, Ste. Elizabeth, P. Q.; Rev. James H. Quinn, O.M.I., Salem, Mass.; Rev. Armand Laniel, O.M.I., Montreal, P. Q.; Rev. Oscar Perrault, O.M.I., St. Esprit, P. Q.; Rev. Walter Camire, O.M.I., Yarmaska, P. Q.

**DEACONSHIP**—Alfred Myrand, Quebec, P. Q.; Francis Bugnard, O.M.I., Archville; Felix Pascal, O.M.I., Archville.

**SUB-DEACONSHIP**—James T. Foley, Ottawa, Ont.; Joseph Leclerc, Quebec, P. Q.; Albert Forget, St. Elizabeth, P. Q.; Augustin Desjardins, Ste. Thérèse, P. Q.; Elias Jeannotte, O.M.I., Archville; Joseph S. Guinard, O.M.I., Archville.

**MINOR ORDERS**—J. Lortie, Quebec, P. Q.; Eugène Groulx, Ottawa, Ont.; Deusedit Bélanger, St. André Avelin, Ont.; Basile Ducharme, St. Esprit, P. Q.; David V. Phalen, North Sydney, C.B.; Alcide Pelletier, St. Lin, P. Q.; Charles Lefebvre, O.M.I., Archville; Joseph Chaumont, O. M. I., Archville; Lucien Lagauier, O. M. I., Archville; Francis X. Martel, O.M.I., Archville.

**TONSURE**—F. X. Brunette, Ottawa; Rodrigue Bernardin, Ottawa; Ozias Corbeil, Ottawa; Vital Pilon, Ottawa; Hercule Touchette, Ottawa; William T. Macaulay, Dundee; Duncan A. Campbell, Alexandria; Maurice Hartnett, Los Angeles, Cal.; Alfred Sirois, O.M.I., Archville; Lawrence Gschwindt, O.M.I., Archville.

THE OWL congratulates the young Levites and hopes that they will be zealous workers and honored members of the sacred ministry.

### HIS FIRST MASS.

On Sunday the 25th ult., Rev. J. H. Quinn, O.M.I., celebrated his first Mass in the University Chapel. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest for

the students, as Father Quinn had for several years been closely connected with the University. Few remain of those who knew him as a student, but tradition points to him as one of the most genial and popular of his time. The present students have known him in the double capacity of professor and disciplinarian, among them Father Quinn has gained a host of friends, all of whom rejoiced to see him elevated to the priestly dignity. Besides the students, there were present interested witnesses of the imposing ceremony, Mr. Quinn, of Salem, Mass., the celebrant's father, his brother Mr. Joseph Quinn and Mrs. Quinn. Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O. M. I., acted as assistant priest, and Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O. M. I., and Rev. W. Smith, O. M. I., were deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. The choir under the direction of Father Eward, O. M. I., rendered in a most creditable manner the Mass of the second tone. At the end of the first gospel, Father Nolin, O. M. I., ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon on the dignity of the sacerdotal state. Lack of space compels us to give only an imperfect synopsis of what certainly was a masterly effort. The preacher dwelt at length on the grandeur and sacred character of the priest's functions as well as upon the qualities of mind and heart requisite for their faithful exercise, showing that if the former demand our respect and veneration, the latter challenge our fullest admiration. THE OWL tenders Father Quinn its sincerest wishes for many years of usefulness in his new field of labor.

#### A TRIP TO MONTEBELLO.

In lieu of their customary Gala Day, the students proposed taking a trip down the Ottawa. Arrangements were accordingly made for an excursion to Montebello, and the 25th ult. was chosen as the day best suited for the purpose. And, indeed, the choice was a very happy one, for it turned out so pleasant that the weather was alone sufficient to invite amusement. At half-past seven the boys, accompanied by over a dozen Fathers and Professors of the University, were on board the Empress, which immediately steamed off towards the pic-nic grounds 'mid the merry cheers of a hundred and fifty jovial pleasure-seekers.

The ride was a most enjoyable one—

especially to all who found delight in singing and contemplating the beauties which nature displays in all their artless grandeur along the picturesque banks of the Ottawa. The spring poets gazed out upon the sublime scenery with eyes of admiration, hoping to draw therefrom noble inspirations for their next metrical efforts.

At every little village where the steamer touched on her way down, the students made the astonished peasantry aware of their educated presence by favoring them with an "old-time 'Varsity-cheer." To those among the students whose paternal abodes rose in the midst of these infant cities, the trip became of special interest; for their friends and relatives came down to the landings in order to greet them and bid them have courage to face the impending struggle of examinations. On such occasions, it was not rare to see a fond mother hasten through the crowd of eager lookers on, single out her darling son and press him to her bosom. Shortly before noon, the boat reached her destination, and the students disembarked separating into small groups and starting out upon various expeditions through the country. The spot which claimed most attraction was that upon which the old Papineau castle stands. Its historic celebrity, of course, rendered it a source of lively interest to the greater part of the boys who availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of beholding the ruins of one of the most ancient, as well as celebrated structures of their native land. A museum, connected with the dilapidated *château*, created no less interest among the youthful antiquarians; and a shallow, but none the less muddy pool in the neighbourhood found, at least, one explorer of its profundities in the person of an ill-advised enthusiast, who sought its bottom in the hope of discovering additional objects of speculation, but who succeeded in bringing nothing to *light* save his own mud-stained features in the camera obscura of a vigilant, but mischievous codac.

Rev. Father Giguère, the pastor at Montebello, gave the boys a hearty welcome. They received at his hands the same hospitality which was extended to them on a former occasion, when the Peerless was burnt down. Amidst so many pleasant diversions the hours sped

by; the students returned to the boat and were soon on their way back to the Capital. Mirth and gayety marked the return trip; and when at last the steamer arrived at Ottawa, there was not one, tired as he may have been, who felt sorry that he had "taken in" the excursion.

The whole day proved to be one of the most pleasurable holidays enjoyed by the students this year.

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### GENERAL NEWS.

The Western University of Pennsylvania has thrown open the Alleghany Observatory, made famous by the brilliant researches of Prof. Langley, to the use of students. Prof. Kooler, the astronomer of the famous Lick observatory, will have charge of the new work in conjunction with Prof. Very, a former associate of Prof. Langley. These distinguished astronomers, and a complete collection of the finest astronomical instruments on the continent, will afford to the student unequalled facilities for a post-graduate course in astronomy.

On Thursday morning the Rev. Fathers Forget, Quinn and Emard left with the students. They will be absent for some time on business connected with the University.

The May devotions were held as usual in the University Chapel on every evening during the last month, the Rev. Fathers of the institution giving in turn the ordinary instructions.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi the cadets were out in full force, and did honor to the University and the master-hand that drilled them.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Glas-macher, Professor of Rhetoric and Literature, will return next year. The unabated interest he has ever manifested in the welfare and advancement of his classes has so endeared him to the students that his breaking connections with the institution would occasion intense feelings of regret. The success attained in our dramatic undertakings during the last year was largely due to his directions and encouragement; so that with him as an instructor and guide in the coming year, we may reasonably hope for as brilliant achievements in this line as were made in the past.

The study of Physics and Astronomy has been greatly facilitated by the professors of these branches, in the past year. Rev. Father Gauvreau and Rev. W. M. Murphy, O. M. I., have contributed to render these somewhat dry matters most interesting.

Moreover, the Scientific Society, which was organized in the early part of the scholastic year, gave a wonderful impetus to both these subjects. The students have found no small amount of pleasure in devoting their extra hours to the acquisition of numerous interesting ideas at float in the scientific world through the pages of magazines and journals devoted to such matters; and placed within their reach in the reading room. If the same lively interest be kept up in the future, there is no reason to doubt of the success of students in Physics and Astronomy hereafter.

Very Rev. Father McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University, spent the 31st May in Alexandria, where he delivered the sermon on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the newly constructed Catholic Convent.

Father Guillet, at one time our Prefect of Discipline, was lately amongst us and everyone was glad to see him. In Montreal, where he is at present located, he is deservedly popular. He seems to be enjoying excellent health, and, on this score, we offer him our congratulations. His presence amongst us, his genial face and happy smile made his former students think of the "olden times."

We noticed with delight the presence of Sir James Grant at our commencement exercises. We can assure the noble Knight that we deeply appreciate the interest he has always taken in the work and progress of the University.

The dark and gloomy features of the examinations loom up before the student. Whether the examiner's visage is, in reality, dark and gloomy, or whether it is concave-mirror-like, and reflects an exaggerated image of the pleasant face that beams upon it, is a problem that might possibly be solved by those who are soon to enter the arena. But they all seem to be so busily engaged in more urgent matters at present, that its solution may well be deferred until the leisure moments of vacation will have arrived.

Not satisfied with a review of his own class-matter, Rev. Father Fillatre, O.M.I., Professor of Morals and Social Sciences, undertook the revision of the whole Philosophy some weeks since, the greater portion of which is already gotten over.

The Alumni Banquet, which was usually an annual occurrence, will not take place this year. At the last meeting held by this body, it was deemed advisable to have it held only every fifth year.

The graduating class, however, will keep the customary vigils, and invite their friends to take part.

The graduates with the flowing moustaches have already prepared several very touching valedictories to be read before a shaving-mirror to the objects of their year's care and cultivation. The following lines were found in one of them: "We two shall part where scissors meet; How short the time, the moments fleet! Your death shall be my winding sheet,—Of black diagonal."

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#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The recent election held to fill the important office of manager of the Lacrosse Club was marked by a struggle, the bare recital of which will undoubtedly rouse the enthusiasm of juniorites yet unborn, and make them yearn for the palmy days of old, when the one only great and original Maloney harangued the democracy and played lacrosse. W. Weir and W. Brophy were the candidates, and the knowing ones refused to give odds on either side upon the result, until a rumor spread abroad that the latter had received the support of that prince of wire-pullers and orators, Maloney. As soon as this news was confirmed, however, Brophy's stock went up with a bound, whilst Weir's suffered a corresponding depression. In spite of this, Weir made a gallant fight and delivered so effective a speech when nominated that for a moment popular opinion as to the result wavered. When Maloney rose to answer Weir, there was blood in his eye. His quick and discerning optic had observed the favorable effect made upon the electors by the opposing candidate's speech. It was a trying moment, but like all great men he rose to the occasion. Flinging off his coat to allow himself free scope in gesti-

culatation, and springing upon an upturned barrel to make his stature more imposing, he cast a glance of mingled scorn and pity upon the deluded populace, and then proceeded as follows to enlighten its benighted condition:—

"I've come here to-day for make succeed de Lacrosse. I don't want for be captain myself, but I want for see de best man in de best place, Brophy she can play de Lacrosse as de best man in de Canada, and de best man in de Canada can play as de best man in de world (immense applause). Weir tinke he can play Lacrosse, but he can no more play dan he can tell de trut!" This home-thrust was received with deafening cheers, and Mr. Maloney exhilarated thereby was in the act of drawing himself up to his full height, when stepping too near the edge of the barrel he over-balanced it, and as a consequence admirably exemplified the law of falling bodies. In so doing, he unwillingly consumed a considerable amount of heterogenous matter, the effect of which was to cut short his eloquent tirade. But, as the event proved, enough had already been done, for at the election Weir was completely snowed under.

As the year draws to a close, and day by day the bulletin boards, which are becoming exceedingly numerous, announce the near approach of the 18th, it may not be out of place to give a brief synopsis of the numerous victories achieved by the juniors on the campus. There were in all ten teams, composed as follows: Two baseball teams, captained by A. Allard and Fortin; two lacrosse teams, with Brophy at the helm; three football teams, under the management of Hubert and a few others; two hockey teams, who refused to be captained by anyone, and a general, all-round crack team under the special guidance of Cunningham. The baseball team played ten matches, five of which were for the championship of a large portion of Eastern Ontario, limits not specified. In the championship matches they generally won second place, while in the others they came out first. Lacrosse thrived wonderfully. Maloney was always present at every game, but could see only one player, the Junior's captain. How he would applaud, glide about with electric rapidity, and laugh till nothing seemed to be left but a few

molecules in a high state of vibration, as Walter would level a well-aimed shot at the enemy's goal! Five matches were played with teams from the city and surrounding country. Little honor could be gained with such narrow confines, but the Juniors, thanks to Maloney, won what there was of it. Hubert had three well-trained teams ready for the scrimmage, and with the assistance of the few others, too numerous to mention, succeeded in rolling up a long list of victories unparalleled in the annals of football. The following is a list of the players of the first team, the best the Junior Department has put in the field for years: Full back, J. B. Barry; half backs, W. McKee and W. Slattery; quarter backs, S. McKay and H. Lambert; wings, Lucier, Rouleau, Phaneuf, McCumber; rush line, Joseph Dean, M. Lapointe, A. Lapointe, W. Carson, L. Casault, A. Belanger.

The hockey teams sine captains lost every engagement, and through respect for the association of which they are an insignificant part, we refuse to give names. John's all-round team did wonders. In baseball they won five matches, in lacrosse three, in football two, in hockey four, and in handball—well they held the alley all year.

What to see: The picture of the graduating class of the commercial course. Fortin's next race against Slattery for the junior championship of Ontario. W.L.F.'s wild west exhibition. Burtie's new book, entitled, "I Kaunt Do It." Cushing's programme for the summer vacation. Maloney's plan of campaign for lacrosse season. Gibb's latest discovery, how decimals can be dispensed with.

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### FLORES.

Simon J. McNally, ex. '90, was a successful candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine at the Easter examinations, at Laval University, Montreal.

J. F. Grant, commercial graduate of '85, at present employed in the Bank of Montreal, at Moncton, N.B., was a welcome visitor to our sanctum a few weeks ago.

M. Dineen, ex. '89, received minor orders recently at Troy Seminary, Troy, N.Y., and at the same ordinations John J. Higgins, formerly of '90, received the tonsure.

Alex. Grant, a student of '82-'83, was in the city lately and paid a visit to *Alma Mater*.

We were rather startled on reading in the newspapers lately of the death of Rev. Father Boyd, a former professor in the University. From more reliable sources, however, we have since learned that our *quondam* preceptor is conducting a successful mission at Bay Roberts, Nfld. *Valet atque vivit* and we trust it will be thus for money years to come.

Jos. F. Quinn, B.L., '81, visited *Alma Mater* on the occasion of the ordination of his brother, Rev. J. H. Quinn, O.M.I. In avoirdupois alone does the Salem lawyer of to-day differ from the "Joe" Quinn of old. He still possesses that same spirit of fun, that in the good old days made the "corridor" ring with laughter, and his reminiscences proved very entertaining to the boys.

Frank Devlin, commercial graduate '84, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was united in matrimony last month to Miss Anne Fuhrer, sister of D. Fuhrer, of the same class. Mr. and Mrs. Devlin have the best wishes of THE OWL for their future welfare.

Thomas V. Tobin, an alumnus of '88, was ordained to the priesthood, on May 28, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Nashville, Tenn., and celebrated his first Mass on May 31, in St. Patrick's Church, Memphis, Tenn.

At the Trinity ordinations in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, R. J. McEachen, '88, of Douglas, Ont., was raised to the diaconship. J. P. Donovan, '89, of Eganville, Ont., and J. Gannon, ex. '89, of Ireland, were ordained sub-deacons. D. Sheehan, ex. '89, received minor orders, and T. M. Donovan, '90, received the tonsure.

W. C. McCarthy, ex. '89, of Prescott, Ont., has passed with honors the required examinations for admission to the bar of Ontario.

J. R. McGreevy, commercial graduate, '90, is book-keeper in a hardware establishment in Quebec.

Mr. Fred. C. Mudget, an alumnus of '81, finishes his philosophical studies privately this month, and leaves early next month for the American College, Rome, where he will begin his study of theology next scholastic year. Before

entering upon theology, he will make an extended tour of Germany, France and Italy.

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### SOCIETIES.

Now that the scholastic year is drawing to a close, it is fitting that THE OWL should review the work accomplished by the societies of the University, societies which have done much to break the monotony of close and often wearisome application to study. Our faculty have always, in every way possible, encouraged these societies, believing that they foster and maintain a spirit of unity among the students unattainable by the mere association of the class-room. The very nature of our societies is especially suited to do this, for they cannot fail to fall in with the inclination of all, embracing as they do the culture of the moral, intellectual and physical faculties, as well as offering much amusement and pleasure.

The Society of the Blessed Virgin Mary one of the oldest and most popular societies of the University, has this year been in a more flourishing condition than ever before. The membership is about seventy-five, and for a number of years it has been under the direction of Rev. Father Nolin, O.M.I., whose energy and self-sacrifice have done much to make it a success.

Throughout the long and dreary winter the rooms of the three debating societies have been the most popular resorts on Sunday evenings. The Senior Society was organized last fall under the management of Rev. Father Nolin, and has had a most successful season. The Juniors also organized about the same time under the direction of Rev. W. Smith, O.M.I., thanks to whose labors the matriculating class are now capable of entering and holding their own in the Senior Society.

The French Society has for its director Rev. Father Antonie, O.M.I., its object being the improvement of the French students in their own language and literature. The worth of these three societies cannot be too highly lauded, for no better preparation for the long battle of life can be had, as in our days an education is of but little practical use unless one can clearly and strongly express one's own opinions on all current matters. The subjects of debate have embraced all the important

questions of the day, religious, literary, historical and political. Ottawa University is deservedly proud of its debating societies, for many able and famous orators, in both Canada and the States, owe much of their success to their early endeavors while students here.

Next in order comes the Scientific Society, one which, though rather informally organized, has achieved results second to none. Its aim has been to assist the class-work in the various branches of science taught in the University course, an aim which has been pursued with most gratifying success. The many and interesting papers read by the members on physical, astronomical and geological subjects, have done much to make these studies more popular than ever. The society was started this year as an experiment, but its success has been such as to insure its being carried on upon a much larger scale next term. The interest displayed by Rev. Fr. Antoine, O. M. I., Prefect of Studies, Fathers Gauvreau, O.M.I., Murphy, O.M.I., and Emard, O.M.I., Professors of Physics, Astronomy and Geology, has done not a little to raise the society to its present standard.

It was feared that after the departure of Rev. Fr. Balland, so long identified with the Dramatic Association and the University Band, these sources of instruction and amusement would not prosper as in the past. However, thanks to the labors of Rev. Frs. Constantineau, O.M.I., and Gervais, O.M.I., such fears have proven groundless. In addition to a number of farces, the Dramatic Association has twice presented the five-act drama, Major John André, which was so well received by the public that the association has been repeatedly invited to play in the neighboring towns. Owing to want of time only one of these invitations could be accepted, that to Aylmer, last winter, when a most enjoyable evening was spent by all who could take the opportunity of going.

The University Band, under the name of the Cecilian Society, notwithstanding serious obstacles, chiefly arising through the loss of practised players, under the able management of Rev. Fr. Gervais, O.M.I., soon promised to regain the enviable position held by it some years ago, when it was considered one of

the best in the Dominion. Its progress has been such as to enable our young musicians to render selections like Verdi's "Hernani," Bleger's "Gloires de la France," Ziegler's "Jour de Bataille;" overtures like Mozart's "Zauberflotte," Marie's "La petite Guerre," and several of Klein's famous waltzes.

Closely connected with these two societies is the Orpheus Glee Club, comprising the best vocal talent in the University. It has a membership of over forty, who have already achieved distinction for their excellent rendition of several most difficult compositions. Rev. Fr. Emarl, O.M.I., its director, is an enthusiast in his work, having raised the club to a height of perfection never before attained.

The Reading Room Association furnishes a never-failing source of instruction to the majority of the students especially in the long winter afternoons and evenings. The files contain the latest newspapers and periodicals of the day, both of Canada and the States. It is to be hoped that next year a better location may be chosen for the rooms, as their proximity to the recreation halls is a cause of more noise than is desirable. The management is excellent, but would undoubtedly be better if some of the students could be brought to put fewer obstacles in its way, chief among which is the unceremonious proceeding of such as refuse to become members by paying the almost ridiculously small fee, but still persist in entering and making themselves as much at home as if they belonged there. The officers are not to blame, for they have repeatedly performed the disagreeable duty of ejecting such intruders. We would suggest that, next year, all the members take a hand in assisting the officers, and make things so uncomfortable for this undesirable class that fear, if not shame, will prevent any more such intrusions.

Though it does not properly belong to this department, it would not do to pass without notice the Athletic Association, an organization comprising nearly all the students. Before its origin, each of the games was altogether independent of the other, an arrangement which necessarily caused much confusion and difficulty, through the clashing of various interests. Since then the different games have all been subject to the general re-arrangement of the Association, thus ensuring unity and

satisfaction to all. On the foot ball field it has long since won a national reputation, which it is determined to maintain in the future. Hockey, base-ball, lacrosse, hand-ball have long prospered under its management, and it is to be hoped that next year cricket and tennis will be introduced. It has been asserted by some that Ottawa University devotes too much attention to athletics, but such people know not whereof they speak. The records of our Alumni and the examinations of the students, even those of our best athletes, show that Ottawa is at least up to the highest standard of those universities in which the faculties look with disfavor on all physical culture, except that of the gymnasium. The result is that of our three hundred or more students, the majority is not only intellectually equal to, but physically above, the average.

It may be noticed that in this brief retrospect of our societies, no mention is made of secret organizations. It is our boast that we have none. It is undeniable that in those institutions in which they exist, they are always a cause of dissension and trouble, combining, as they do, most of the students in several cliques, each of which refrains as much as possible from mingling with the other or the students in general. Such a spirit as this engenders cannot but be injurious to any university or college.

The indications are that next year will be a prosperous one for all the societies, some of them ready to begin with advantages never before enjoyed. Many of the ablest officers of this year will be missing, but if the members be not animated with mere personal and selfish feelings, they may find others that will fittingly supply the vacancies.

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#### OUR ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

On Tuesday the 16th and Wednesday the 17th of this month the conferring of degrees and distribution of premiums took place. The ceremonies this year were marked with special impressiveness; and those who attended must have been struck with the splendor of the scene presented. The imposing ceremony of Tuesday night cannot be other than productive of good, for it fires the zeal of under-graduates,

whose eyes are longingly directed to the goal which those, whom the Senate of the University on Tuesday night honored, have attained. On the stage were seated the Chancellor, Archbishop Duhamel, and the faculty of the University; in the body of the hall were noticed his Lordship Bishop McDonald, of Alexandria, Sir. James Grant, Attorney General Davies, of British Columbia, and many other distinguished guests. Upon the conclusion of the opening piece by the college band, the Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University, advanced and briefly addressed the audience. He developed, in a few words, the idea which THE OWL has ever defended, that the structure of education must be capped by religion if it is to be perfect. He alluded, in pleasing terms to the merits of those upon whom the University, that night, was to confer its titles. When he resumed his seat, the names of those who were to receive the honorary degree of L.L.D. were proclaimed. Of these no words of commendation is necessary. Their labor is their eulogy. Steadfast adherence to Catholic principles, unselfish efforts for the spread of Catholic ideas, and unceasing exertion in the cause of Catholic education are what mark these gentlemen in in every way, worthy of the honors that the University saw fit to bestow upon them. We publish herewith the names of our newly created Doctors of Law, and feel that the public will extol the choice of the Senate of the University: Dennis Ambrose O'Sullivan, M.A., L.L.D., Q.C., of Toronto; John J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., of Montreal.

Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in Notre Dame University, Indiana.

Rev. Louis Alphonse Nolin, O.M.I., M.A., Professor of Ancient Literature in the University of Ottawa.

Henry Glasmacher, M.A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Ottawa.

Masters of Art.—Rev. Wm. J. Murphy, O.M.I., B.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Ottawa, and Rev. Terence Wade Smith, O.M.I., B.A., Professor of English in the University of Ottawa.

Having passed satisfactorily the examination required, the following gentlemen obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts:

C. C. Delaney, of Burlington, Vt.; E. J. Landry, of Quebec, P.Q.; M. F. Fitzpatrick, of Norwood, Ont.; J. C. Moriarty, of Orillia, Ont.; F. L. French, of Renfrew, Ont.; P. C. O'Brien, of Railton, Ont.; R. W. Ivers, of Springfield, Mass.; and P. O'Rourke, of Trenton, Ont.

Bachelor in Literature.—Duncan McDonald, of Glensanfield, Ont.

In addition to these, there were several who successfully passed the Intermediate Examination, as well as many others who were admitted to Matriculation.

When these exercises were finished, Mr. J. J. Curran, L.L.D., Q.C., M.P., rose and thanked the Senate for having raised him to the dignity of Doctor of Laws. He expressed his loyalty and sincere attachment to his *Alma Mater*, and his pride in her progress; he recalled the time when he himself was a student, in the modest building which was then known as Ottawa College; and, in conclusion, he spoke words of encouragement and advice to the students who, that night, had been vested with the bachelor's robes, and appealed to them to stand firm to the principles they had received in the institution, now that they were to go forth and fight, through good and evil report, the battle of the right. When the eloquent speaker had finished there was a spontaneous and hearty outburst of applause.

We append a copy of the letter sent by D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., L.L.D., to the Senate of the University acknowledging the honor shown him:—

*May it please your Grace, Mr. Rector and Gentlemen of the Ottawa University:*

I regret that a number of circumstances prevent me from being present at the conferring of degrees in this University today, and all the more on this occasion when your honorable Senate has nominated me to the distinction of enrolment among its honor graduates. I am grateful for, and fully appreciate the honor which is conferred upon me by the spontaneous action of the University authorities in my regard; and I trust that though my name may be no more than a numerical addition to the distinguished list already on your rolls, it will nevertheless be one that will strive to be worthy of its associates and of the Ottawa University as well. Connected as I have been for many years with our Provincial University of Ontario and



more recently with the Laval University, I may be said to necessarily hold a somewhat divided allegiance to any other; but the relationships do not imply any conflict in my case; and the distinction or compliment of an honorary degree from this seat of learning is all the more in that it comes from the recipient's own country. If it be true that the prophet hath no honor in his own land, it is a conjecture within yearly experience that the average honor graduate hath less chance of distinction at home than abroad. I sincerely thank you for the honor and hope that I am in a measure come up to the expectations you have formed of me when granting it.

I rejoice to belong to this institution, because it is striving to reach the ideal of a true university. The principles which underlie this and every other Catholic seat of learning wherein the different faculties revolve under the central and controlling influence of the Church, are the only true and logical principles of any great university; and to no other system of education can any intelligent Catholic give his approval. In times past, but still recent, it was the fashion when the state had control of a university, that the President or head looked mainly after his own department, and that his assistants expounded their own particular views to the students without regard to the views of each other or to those of the President. And so the evolutionist, for example, in lecturing in one room was at liberty to make light of the Holy Scriptures that were being deciphered by a Hebraist in another room; and these were confounded in a third room by the Metaphysician. It mattered little in such a place if the Mathematician were an atheist, as he couldn't possibly corrupt the multiplication table, or that the Professor of Chemistry was a Jew or Gentile as his religion or the want of it, wouldn't affect the laws on the action of heat, or the number of elementary bodies in nature. With such guides as these and with no central or controlling authority it is little wonder if that system of so-called education gave rise to a generation that thinks as highly of human science and as lightly of divine science as does the state-educated generation of to-day. Such is the fact, however, and whether or not the State School is a thing of the past, it has been tried and found wanting; and accordingly thoughtful men have cast their eyes about them

for some other system of higher education.

And now the experiment to be tried is that a university shall consist of a number of radiating colleges, the centre one being State supported, colorless, and adapted to every form of denomination, and possibly in the future, when liberal principles will have swung around the circle, adapting itself to, and welcoming Turk, Jew, and Atheist within its liberal and capacious heart. In so far as the adhering denominations profit by any central state institution it is to that extent an endowment for them; in so far as the whole scheme is not available to any particular class of citizens or denominations, it is an injury to the latter as being in part supported by them with no advantage in return. I do not believe that this motly conception of a university,—this merry-go-round of denominations,—this variegated May-pole of educational dancers, can stand even among denominations whose ministers can exchange pulpits on a Sunday; but I admit that many will use it as far as they please and in so far as it is safe for them to use it. The State which has no religion has no power in this respect over its own original creation; nor has it any check by arrangement on these planetary colleges; and so the chances of confusion and of misguided intellectual training are greater in the present experiment than in the former one.

Turning from these erroneous conceptions of education and of an university, it is a relief so see the firm and logical foundations upon which rest this and other Catholic Universities. Here there is harmony, there is respect for the Sacred Scriptures, there is no conflict of teaching, there are no opposite positions presented before the young student—Here is a solid education. The ground which the Church has always taken that human education is to be guarded by true religion is an unsailable one; and surely the higher you go in education the greater need of incontrovertible advice and direction. I hail, therefore, with pride any connection that binds me to an institution that can instruct and educate in the true sense of the words; and I hope that Ottawa University will go and prosper in its great work in this country.

On the evening of June 17th the distribution of premiums took place. The

joy that was felt by the fortunate recipients was visible in their countenances. The valedictories were read by Mr. C. C. Delany, B.A., of Burlington, Vt., and Mr. E. J. Landry, B.A., of Quebec, P.Q. Mr. Delany's was written in verse, and was indeed a splendid effort. To all the students we waft, through THE OWL, our cordial wishes for a happy vacation; and to the graduates we would express the hope that success may attend their efforts in whatever sphere they may in the future find themselves.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

In the monastery of St. Antoine du Mont, near Rieti, in Italy, an important discovery has lately been made. In the interior of a pillar 500 printed volumes and 69 manuscripts have been found, 55 of which are very precious. The greater number of these manuscripts belong to the tenth century; they treat of theological literature, of civil and canon law, and some few of philosophy. Most of the manuscripts are above all remarkable for their calligraphical execution and their admirable miniatures.

The London *Universe* says: "Father Pendosey, O.M.I., who has died at Okanagan, an Indian mission in British Columbia, not far from Victoria, was a hero. He was a son to Gen. Pendosey and heir to a fortune of 2,500,000 francs, but preferred to resign an existence of affluent pleasure to become a French Oblate and devote himself to the evangelization of savages. In the disputes of the Western tribes with the United States from 1860 to 1890 he has acted as arbitrator. He possessed such an intimate knowledge of medicine and effected such extraordinary cures, that the red skins looked upon him as almost a supernatural being."

The New York *Times* says: "Reading, writing, arithmetic and geography are not taught differently by a Methodist and by a Jesuit, but in precisely the same fashion, if they are taught properly. To say that a 'godless' instruction in these branches of knowledge, or any others that are properly within the province of the public schools, is 'necessarily immoral,' is to make a perfectly meaningless assertion." If they are taught properly! but if the reading book has lessons in which the

Catholic Church is portrayed as a mass of corruption from which jolly beer-swilling Luther was raised up by God to deliver the world, is reading taught properly to Catholic children? If a teacher sets as a copy in the copy book of a Catholic child "Catholics worship idols," is writing taught properly? If, as in Pike's Arithmetic, a question is given in this style to a Catholic pupil, "If the Pope can deliver a soul from purgatory in one hour, a Cardinal in two, a Bishop in eight and a priest in twenty-four, how long will it take a Pope, a Cardinal, a Bishop and a priest together to deliver one," is this teaching arithmetic properly? If a geography, like Huntington's, has a picture of a Catholic Church interior at the account of Italy with the caption "Roman Catholic Idolatry," and one at Asia showing the interior of a heathen temple, and the caption "Pagan Idolatry," is this teaching geography properly? Yet all these things have been done in schools in this country. A follower of Ingersoll can in the same way use any of these branches to ridicule Christianity; and it is a meaningless assertion that reading, writing, arithmetic and geography cannot be used to weaken the Christian or Catholic faith of pupils.—*Catholic News*.

Rev. Brother Patrick, assistant superior-general of the Christian Brothers, just died at Paris. Brother Patrick was widely known in Europe as an enlightened and energetic educator, but it was chiefly in the United States and Canada that the value of his service in the cause of education was recognized. He was born in Ireland in 1822 and went to Montreal 20 years thereafter. On his arrival in Canada he joined the Order of the Christian Brothers. He founded numerous schools in Montreal and its environments, and made his influence felt far beyond the limits of his actual work.

The largest individual gift thus far made to the Catholic University at Washington, D.C., is property in New York and Long Branch I. valued at \$408,000 over all encumbrances, from the Rev. James McMahon, rector of St. Andrew's Church, New York City. Father McMahon had some money bequeathed to him by relatives all of which he invested in real estate. The investments proved profitable and enabled him to benefit thus munificently

a work of the Church with which his own fine scholarship put him in sympathy. Father McMahon is a thorough Hebrew and Biblical scholar, has published a new version of the New Testament based on Challoner's revision of the old Douay Bible, and has also edited an edition of the Haydock Bible. Father McMahon's gift is for the faculty of philosophy for the laity: thus balancing, as the contributor of the *Pilot's* University Notes happily remarks, Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell's magnificent gift for the highest education of the priesthood.—*Catholic Record, London.*

The Rev. Father Strappini, S.J., rector of St. Aloysius, Oxford, has received into the Church Mr. Johnston Murray, B.A., (Edinburgh University), the principal student of the Scotch Episcopalian Theological College. It is only a few weeks since that the same learned Jesuit received into the fold the Hon. William Gibson, eldest son of Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—*Catholic Record.*

One of the sons of Sir Edmund A. H. Lechmere, Bart., M.P., who is travelling in Australia, has been received into the Church. The ceremony took place in the Catholic Cathedral Church, St. Patrick, Melbourne, the catechumen being conditionally baptized under the name Cyril Leo Alban.

The oldest college in North America was founded in 1531—the College of St. Ildefonso, in the City of Mexico. The next oldest is Laval College, Quebec.

A Belgian inventor has presented the Holy Father with a telephone, which His Holiness was graciously pleased to accept, and what is more gratifying still to the inventor, to use. Already the Holy Father has heard while sitting in his study the singing and the sermons delivered in the more important churches in Rome. It is said that he has also heard through the instrument the speeches delivered in the Italian Parliament.—*Catholic Record.*

When Father Junipero Serra landed on the coast of California, in 1770, he baptized an Indian of the Monterey tribe, named Gabriel. This man died recently at the supposed age of 150 years. He helped to build the missions of Carmelo, San Antonio and Soledad. As late as 1880, he used to walk three miles to Mass and back every Sunday.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

According to the *Australasian Catholic Directory* for this year, summarized by the *Hobart Catholic Standard*, the Catholic population of Australasia, including New Zealand and Tasmania, amounts to 629,595, whose spiritual needs are attended to by 25 archbishops and bishops, and 774 priests. The churches number 1,103, spread over 411 districts. The children attending Catholic schools are 85,342, the greater proportion of whom receive instruction in the 649 primary schools, and the rest in two ecclesiastical seminaries, 17 colleges for boys, 90 boarding schools for girls, and 117 superior day schools. They are taught principally by 348 Religious Brothers, and a large number of the 2,588 Nuns. There are also 51 Catholic charitable institutions in these colonies.—*Toronto Catholic Review.*

The first dictionary was compiled by Paout She, a learned Chinaman who lived in the year 1100 B.C.

The first book published in California was a Catechism printed at Monterey in 1823. The name of the publisher was Zamorano, and the type used had been imported from Mexico.

Harvard expends \$26,000 annually on her library, Columbia \$20,000, Cornell \$8,000, Yale \$7,500, and Princeton about \$4,000.—*Ex.*

### EXCHANGE HUMOUR.

A burning question—"Where's the fire?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

What he ought to get.—Poet: How much ought I to get for that poem?

Editor—Oh, I should think about ten—

Poet (with a sickly smile)—Yes, I know what you are going to say: "Ten dollars or thirty days."

Editor—No, sir; ten years.—*Judge*

"I played left-field last year," said the baseball man, "and this year I got left again."—*Lampoon.*

The following clever epigram was found by a schoolmaster among the "exercises" of one of his boys:—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Perhaps the poet might have changed his mind,

If in a crowd one day he chanced to find

A fellow feeling in his coat behind.

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.—*S. H. Review.*

A school teacher at Basle, lately received the following note of apology: "Wil yu pleez ex-kews my son Fritz for not cummun tu skooole this mornin'. He is ded. Widow H.——, wash-erwoman.—*Ex.*"

At a dinner-party given to celebrate the completion of a country church, the builder was toasted. Thereupon he rather queerly replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than public speaking."

He thought, and always had thought, that he was born a humorist. "What quantities of dry grasses you have collected, Miss Jones; nice room for a donkey to get into,"

"Make yourself at home," she said, sweetly.—*Ex.*

#### ALLITERATION.

All algebras advance an axiom astute  
 Before beginning biquadratics bright boys' boot.  
 Chemists comprehend caloric, cohesion's cogent  
 crafts,  
 Devising drugs, defying death, drinking daring  
 draughts.  
 Eagerly experiment, enigmas explicate,  
 Foolishly for fortune, fame fight factious fate  
 Geometry gives giliness, gains glory's golden gate,  
 History heeds heroes, helps human habitation,  
 Incites ideal improvement, induces imitation.  
 Judicious judgment, jurisprudence, just, judicial  
 jaw;  
 Keeps knowledge keen, kills knavish knots, knaps  
 kindred knaves' kaw.  
 Laborious Latin's lucid load lax Lubbers leftward  
 lean,  
 Misinstructed, mutilate, men's mythologic mean.  
 Nature needs not novices, neologists ninefold;  
 Ostracized offenders, opposed, outlawed of old,  
 Patronize philosophers, persuasive, plain, polite.  
 Quaff quietly quadrivials quench quixotisms quite.  
 Resist repulsive reprobates, restrain refractory  
 rage,  
 Seek sedulously scientist's, sustain scholastics, sage,  
 Take trustily trigonometry, that tests tenacious  
 thought,  
 Vanquish vain verbosity vulpine varieties.  
 Working wavy wool engravings wonderfully  
 wealed  
 Xylographing Xebecs Xanthic Niphoïdes,  
 Youling, yawning youths yeomanlike ye yield  
 Zesting zoographers zoologically zealed.

—*The Lever.*

"That was a sympathetic audience I had," said the lecturer. "Yes; I thought they all seemed sorry for each other," said his bosom friend.—*Sun, N. Y.*

Politician (angrily)—Those newspapers tell abominable lies about me.

Friend—And yet they might do worse.

Politician—Do Worse! What do you mean?

Friend—They might tell the truth.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Chumpley—Why do the German hands always play in front of the Law School?

Thumpley—Oh, wind and brass are always sure of reward in the legal profession, you know.

Green—White, how did you learn to keep books?

White—I never learned. Why?

Green—I notice you never return any you borrow.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

"Hump!" sneezed the ass, as he encountered the zebra. "You look like an escaped convict."

"Possibly," retorted the zebra. "But no one ever takes me for an ass."—*New York Sun.*

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now; break the bone in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John, (briskly)—"All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg."

Daniel O'Connell once met a conceited literary friend, and exclaimed:—

"I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet."

"Did you," eagerly replied his delighted listener; "what was it?"

"A pound of butter."—*S. H. Review.*

*Harper's Magazine* prints the following about the genial Charles Lamb: "Lamb was awakened early one Christmas morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle. 'Why d-do you s-s-st-t-teal?' he asked. 'Because I am starving,' returned the house-breaker, sullenly. 'Are y-you re-re-ally ver-very h-h-hung-hung-gug-gery-hungay?' asked Lamb. 'Very,' replied the burglar, turning away. 'Pup-pup-poor ful-fuf-fellow,' said the essayist, 'h-here's a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for y-you.' And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg he ejected the marauder into the street, and locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterwards that he didn't see the joke for six weeks."

Filled to the brim—A hat.  
A greenback—The frog's.  
A home stretch—Our papa's knee.

—*Lamoon.*

"That's a storied earn," said the man who had gotten money under false pretences. "We shall now go off on an animated bust."—*Harvard Lam-  
pooon.*

It is related that on one occasion Beau Brummell was walking down Pall Mall when he saw some very beautiful tulips in a florist's window. Walking in, he inquired the price of the same.

"A guinea a piece," replied the florist.

"And will they keep?" asked the Beau.

"Very well indeed," said the man. "They will keep for several days."

"Then," said Brummell, with true Mansfield politeness, "you may keep them."

—*Harvard Lampon.*

ULULATUS.



A HOME RUN.

And the fattest  
Was the fastest.

*Tristis in principio mensis Junii, sed exit in  
catastrophem comicam.*

V-a-c-a-t-i-o-n! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Farewell! Farewell!  
Old college bell!

Aleck—"Where are you going, Donald?"

Donald—"I am going to roam."

Aleck—"To Rome, in Italy?"

Donald—"No, in Glengarry."

Oh, for the glorious sleepovers!

"I have come to bring you home. To bring you home, home, home! . . . Home's like heaven."—*Christmas Carol, Stave II,*

We are told the *French* are going to make a raid on the county of Renfrew, and intend to plant their cannon on the banks of the Bonnet-  
chere.

Senior—"Maloney, why is a prep. like an elephant on closing day?"

Prep.—"Don't know."

Senior—"Because he takes his trunk with him."

Prep.—"My turn now, old fellow. Why is a senior like the wolf in the fable on closing day?"

Senior—"Let me see—er—er. Give it up."

Prep.—"Why, because he has a sheepskin."

Senior *demittit auriculas* and trots off.

To Rent—Cahey's hand-ball alley. Apply to President Maurice, or to Vice-President B. T.

The sessions of the S. P. G. are adjourned until Sep 1st.

#### THE SONG OF THE YOUNG B. A.

I'm a knowing young philosopher  
I'm up in every lore,  
I'm skilled in all the atics, isms, ologies and more.  
The arts are but my pastime,  
With the sciences I play,  
For now I've got a title,  
I'm a full fledged young B.A.

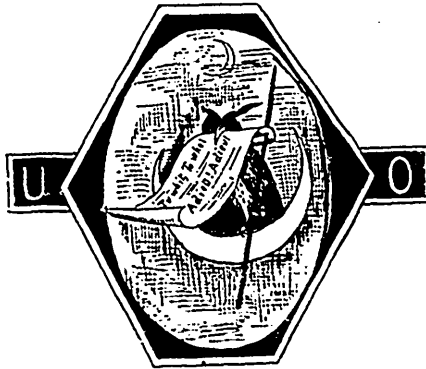
Public Notice—*Staled* tenders will be received by the Senior Class up to Sep. 15th for the purchase of 12 pairs of mustaches—Juniors that had no shoebushes last year should apply at once.

"Oh, Harry, what is that on your upper lip?" said the mother to her 15 year old boy as he returned from college.

"Oh! it's nothing, ma; it must be the soot from those dirty coalers."

How fares the Junior that got his foot caught in the vicious circle in class the other day?

Charley says he ain't going to be a li—yer, nor a carpainter, nor to indulge in *no—tears*, but means to make his vacation a success all the same.



THE OWL AND ITS STAFF.

I've slaved through years  
of study just  
To learn a thing or  
two,  
But now am I omniscient,  
I'm a la-la, a coo-coo,  
And when I don my  
flowing robe  
On next commence-  
ment day,  
They'll say—"there goes  
a dandy,"  
He's a full fledged  
young B.A.

From my lofty peak of knowledge  
I look down upon the herd  
Of common mortals here below  
Who think that I'm a bird.  
I spread my scientific wings,  
And soar away up in G.  
For I'm a regular corker,  
I'm a full fledged young A.B.



HOME! SWEET HOME!!

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